The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DREAM-LAND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EVELYN M. SIMPSON.

"Asleep and dreaming still at dawn!"
Ah, well! the world is rough and cold,
But here in Dream-land's sheltered fold
Are peace and warmth—let me sleep on.

Outside, the hills are white with snow—
There is no sign of Spring's sweet cheer,
Nor will be, for long months—while here
The whole year round, the roses blow.

My days are dull, and scant, and poor,
But all that they deny to me
Night grants, when with her golden key
She lets me in through Dream-land's door.

Here they come back to me once more
Who loved me in Life's early day,
But since have drifted far away,
And left my heart unfilled and sore.

They come to me and greet me still,
With all the old-time tenderness—
The fond enquiry and caress—
As if their love had known no chill.

And I thank Heaven for this sweet grace,
This truce in Fate's persistent war,
This sunshine through a dungeon's bar,
This weary pilgrim's resting place.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,
AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

APPEARANCE OF THE STRANGER.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE ROAD.

Mexico, considering its size, is one of the least populated countries in the world. With but few exceptions, the old Spanish colonies, since they have proclaimed their independence and become free republics, having been constantly engaged in war with each other, or in overthrowing the government they themselves elected, have seen all the ties attaching families to the soil broken in turn. Foreigners, no longer finding the necessary safety for their speculations in countries incessantly troubled by revolutions, have gone away. Trade has been annihilated; commerce has fallen into a state of atrophy; and the population has frightfully decreased, with such rapidity, that sensible men, who sought a remedy for this incurable evil, called emigration to the help of these states, which nothing can restore, and which only possess a factitious existence.

Unfortunately, the Hispano-American race is essentially haughty and jealous. Poor fellows, who let themselves be seduced by the brilliant promises made them, and who consented to cross the sea to settle in this country, found, on their arrival, and especially in Mexico, an ill-disguised hatred and contempt, which was displayed in all classes of society by ill-will and aversion. Hence, being disgusted by their reception, and recognizing the slight trust they could place in the promises of the men who had summoned them, they hastened to leave a country in which they had only found unjust prejudices and deplorable ill faith, and went to ask of the United States the protection refused them by those who had so pressingly summoned them.

Mexico, in spite of a certain varnish of civilization, the last reminiscence of the Spanish occupation, which may still be found in the large cities and their environs, is, therefore, in reality plunged into a state of barbarism relatively greater than it was fifty years ago. The Pacific States, especially, being less frequently visited by strangers, and left, as it were, to themselves, have retained a peculiar physiognomy, whose picturesque savageness and rough manners would cause the tourist's heart to beat with joy, if ever a tourist ventured into these countries; but which inspire an involuntary fear, justified, however, by everything the traveller, forced to visit this land on business, witnesses.

In Europe and the United States, the means of transport are numerous and convenient, but in Mexico only one is known—the horse. In the Central states, and those which run along the Atlantic seaboard, some towns possess diligences, which change horses at the *tambos*, a species of inn, where the travellers stop to pass the night. But these *tambos* and *mesons*, which possess a great resemblance to the Sicilian hostelries and Spanish ventas, supply absolutely nothing to the guests they shelter, excepting a roof, reduced to its simplest expression; that is to say, the traveller is compelled to take his bed with him, in addition to provisions, if he does not wish to sleep wrapped up in his cloak.

In spite of the numberless disagreements which the uncomfortable mode of progressing from one place to another entails, the traveller derives one advantage from it—that of not being exposed, in a fickle atmosphere like that of Mexico, where after burning days the nights are chilly, to the attacks of the climate. In the Pacific states, matters are no longer thus; the traveller who proceeds from one town to another is forced to do so on horseback, without any hope of finding for a distance of sixty or eighty leagues the smallest inn, or even most wretched rancho, where he can shelter himself from wind and rain at nightfall. At sunset he camps where he is in the open air, and begins his journey again on the morrow. Still, as Providence has been, in its wisdom, careful to give an equal amount of good and evil, the robbers, salteadors, and brigands of every description, who infest all the roads in the interior, on which they reign as masters, plundering travellers in open day and assassinating them with the most perfect impunity, are rarely found in Sonora. In this country the roads in this respect enjoy a relatively complete security, except when the Indians have risen, or a fresh *pronunciamento* has let bands of revolted soldiers loose on the country. These fellows have no scruple about imitating professional robbers, and killing and plundering people, whose unlucky stars have exposed them to their tender mercies.

Jose Paredes, though he had in reality only fifty leagues to go, a distance which in our country is comfortably performed in a railway carriage in a few hours, was obliged, on account of the bad state of the roads, and the indispensable precautions he had to take, to remain at least four days on the road before reaching Hermosillo. This journey, which would have been very painful to any man accustomed to the ease and luxuries of life, was only a pleasure-trip for the worthy majordomo, a real Centaur, whose life was spent on horseback—who slept more frequently in the open air than under a roof, and whose powerful constitution rendered him insensible to the annoyances inseparable from a journey made under such conditions.

Jose Paredes, then, rode along jauntily on his horse, at one moment carelessly smoking a husk cigarette, at another humming a *jarabe* or a *seguedilla*, while keeping his eye and ear on the watch, and his finger prudently laid on the trigger of his gun, which was placed across his saddle-bow. His second day's ride was drawing to a close; he had left Ariape far behind him, which town he had passed through without stopping longer than he required to lay in fresh provisions and forage for his horse.

The sun was rapidly declining on the horizon; a rather powerful wind blew in gusts, raising clouds of dust, which blinded the horseman and formed a thick fog round him, in the midst of which he almost entirely disappeared. Although, as we have said, the day was drawing to a close, the heat was stifling, the sky had assumed a livid appearance; yellow clouds gradually collected in the horizon and were rapidly brought up by the wind. The birds whirled in the air, uttering shrill and discordant cries; sharp noises and shrill whistlings rose from among the rocks that on both sides flanked the narrow ravine the majordomo was now following, and large drops of rain fell on the calcined soil, which easily imbibed them. The horse pricked its ears, shook its head, and snorted in terror. All presaged one of those storms which it is only possible to witness in these regions—veritable cataclysms which rend and uproot the largest trees, force streams from their beds, and overthrow the soil, as if the earth were struggling wildly beneath the grasp of those horrible convulsions of Nature, which completely change within a few hours the aspect of the country over which they have swept with the fury of the African simoon.

"Hum!" Jose Paredes muttered to himself, as he took an anxious glance along the road; "if I am not greatly mistaken, within an hour we shall have one of the most tremendous storms that has been seen for some time. That will be most agreeable for me, and my position will not fail to be most amusing. Confound the temporal! why could it not have waited for another eight-and-forty hours.

The majordomo lost no time in vain lamentation. The situation in which he found himself was really critical; he knew that if the temporal surprised him in this ravine, he would have enormous difficulties to overcome in escaping its violence. He therefore resolved at all hazards to attempt the greatest efforts in getting out of the scrape. Minutes were precious; hesitation was impossible, and he must form a decision at once. Jose Paredes was a resolute man, long accustomed only to reckon on his courage, strength, and energy, to get him out of difficult situations; he therefore carefully wrapped himself in his zarape, pulled his hat down over his forehead, and, bending over his horse's neck, dug in his spurs, while crying, sharply, one word: "Santiago!" a cry employed in this country to excite horses. The noble animal, astonished that its master should deem it necessary to employ spurs to give it ardor, gave a snort of passion, and started at a headlong pace.

In the meanwhile the clouds had completely covered the blue sky; the atmosphere was gradually growing darker and darker; the sunbeams had lost their heat; the horse still dashed on, rendered furious by the incessant prick of the spurs, which the majordomo dug into his panting flanks. At length Paredes uttered a cry of joy, for he had reached the end of the ravine, and before him extended a vast plain, bordered by tall mountains in the horizon. These mountains the majordomo wanted to reach, for there alone had he chance of safety. Although his position had greatly improved after leaving the ravine, it was still extremely difficult, if the storm were to burst before he had succeeded in crossing the plains, which afforded him no shelter to brave the tornado. Hence, the traveller, after exploring the neighborhood with a rapid glance, and assuring himself that he had no hope of escaping the tempest, and the barren, sandy plain which was only traversed by a few streams, repeated his cry of "Santiago," and set out on his mad ride once more.

As always happens, and as any one who has studied the admirable instinct of the horse can certify, the noble animal the majordomo rode seemed to have identified itself with its master. Through the effort of that magnetic current, whose power is no longer doubted, it appeared to understand that their common safety depended on its efforts; and it literally devoured the space, darting across the plain with the fantastic rapidity of the spectre steed of the German ballad.

All at once a vivid flash broke through the clouds, followed by a tremendous thunderclap. The horse gave a start of terror, but quickly checked by its rider, started again through the torrents of rain which were beginning to fall. Night had suddenly set in; the sun, veiled by the clouds, had become invisible, and it was in condemned obscurity that the majordomo was compelled to attempt the supreme efforts on which his life depended. Still, Paredes was not discouraged, and his will seemed to grow fearless in the struggle; while sitting firmly in the saddle, like a granite statue, with contracted brows and eyes looking ahead, as if constantly trying to pierce the gloom, and exciting his horse with spur and voice, his features were as calm and impassive as if he were merely in one of the thousand ordinary accidents of his adventurous life in the desert. In the meanwhile the tempest had changed into a fearful hurricane, and raged with extreme fury. The unchained winds whistled violently, dashing the rain, and uprooting masses of mud, which flew along the ground.

An ill-omened swashing made the unhappy traveller, who was surprised by the tornado, understand that the streams were beginning to overflow and inundate the plain. By the vivid flashes which uninterruptedly followed each other, the majordomo could see all around large gray pools of water, which constantly widened and enclosed him in an incessantly contracting circle; distant sounds borne by the breeze heightened his apprehensions. An hour more, he felt, and the plains would only form one vast lake, in the midst of which he would infallibly perish. Warned by that instinct which never deceives them, the wild beasts had left their lairs, and were flying madly, while uttering hoarse roars of terror. When a flash lit up the horizon, Paredes could see indistinct forms pass by his side, which were no other than the dangerous denizens of the prairie. All was overthrown and confounded. The swash of the water was mingled with the artillery of the thunder and the howling of the wind. But the horse still galloped on straight ahead, sustained by the very terror which maddened it and spurred it on better than the sharpest knife could have done.

Suddenly the majordomo uttered a cry of terror and anger, drew himself up, and pulled the bridle with such strength that the horse stopped short on his trembling legs. He fancied he had heard the distant sound of a bell. When an inundation comes, the hacienderos have all their bells rung, in order to warn straggling travellers and tell them of a place of refuge. The majordomo listened; in a few seconds a sound, faint as a sigh, reached the ear. The practised hunter was not mistaken; it was really the expiring sound of a bell that reached him, and the sound came from a direction diametrically opposite to the one he was following. In the darkness he had left his track; he was lost in the midst of an entirely submerged country without chance of help. In spite of his indomitable bravery the majordomo felt an internal horror; an icy perspiration stood on his forehead, and he shook all over. At this supreme moment the man had but one terrible thought that he would bear with him to the tomb the fortune entrusted to him by his master, and on which the future of his children perhaps depended. Paredes felt burning tears start from his eyes, and a choking sob from his bosom. He cared little for life; he would gladly have sacrificed it for his master; but the thought of dying thus, and completing his master's ruin, caused him indescribable grief. For some minutes this lion-hearted man, this bold woodranger, who had faced without blenching the most terrible dangers, felt weaker than a child. But this prostration only lasted a short time, and a reaction quickly took place; ashamed of the passing despondency to which he had yielded, the majordomo became the firmer when all seemed to abandon him, and resolved to sustain the inexorable struggle till he drew his last breath.

Rendered stronger by his energetic resolution, the majordomo, whose arteries were beating as if about to burst, passed the back of his hand over his eyes, addressed to Heaven that mental prayer which the most intrepid men find in their hearts at the supreme moment when life or death only hangs by a thread; and, instead of going on, he waited for a flash, by which he could examine his position, and decide the new course he had to take. He had not to wait long; almost immediately a flash shot athwart the sky. Paredes uttered a cry of joy and surprise: he had seen, a few paces from him on his right, a rather tall hill, on the top of which he fancied he noticed a horseman, motionless and upright as an equestrian statue.

With that coolness which powerful men alone possess in critical circumstances, the majordomo, although he felt that the water was rapidly encircling him, and was almost up to his horse's girths, would not leave anything to chance. Fearing he had been deceived by one of those optical illusions, so frequent when the senses are over-excited, he resolved to wait for a second flash, and kept his eyes fixed on the spot where the hill must be, which he fancied he must have seen as in a dream. All at once, at the moment when the desired flash lit up the darkness, a voice, that overpowerd the roar of the tempest, reached his ear:

"Courage! keep straight on," he heard.

The majordomo uttered a cry of delight, which resembled a yell; and, lifting his horse with his bridle and knees, he dashed towards the hill, pursued by the seething waters which were powerless to arrest him; and, after an ascent that lasted scarce ten minutes he fell, fainting, into the arms of the man whose summons had saved him. From this moment he had nothing to fear; an inundation could not reach the top of the hill where he had found such a providential refuge.

CHAPTER XII.

A CONVERSATION BY NIGHT.

The majordomo's fainting fit, caused rather by the moral struggle he had sustained than by the physical fatigue he had endured, was not of any duration; when he re-opened his eyes, he was alone on the top of the hill. He threw off the furs and blankets laid over him, to protect him, doubtless from the icy cold of the night, and looked curiously round him. The tempest was still raging, but it had lost a great deal of its violence. The rain had ceased; the deep blue sky was gradually becoming studded with twinkling stars, which shed an uncertain light, and gave the landscape an aspect of strange and desolate wildness. The wind blew furiously, and formed waves on the seething top of the waters, which had now almost risen to the spot where the majordomo lay. A few yards from its master, his horse was quietly grazing; it was eating the young tree shoots, and the tall close grass that covered the ground like a thick carpet of verdure. Another horse was browsing close by.

"Good!" Paredes muttered to himself, "my savior has not gone away; "I hope he is not far off, and that I shall see him soon. Where can he be? At his own business, of course, though I cannot guess the nature of his occupation at such a moment. Well, the best plan will be to wait for him."

The Mexican had scarce ended his soliloquy, ere a shadow stood out in the gloom, and the man of whom he was speaking appeared.

"Ah, ah!" he said, gayly, "you are all right again, I see: all the better; I would sooner have you in that position than the one you were in just now."

"Thanks," the majordomo cordially answered. "I fancy I must have looked very pitiable, stretched out like a half-throttled *novillo*. Is it not disgraceful for a strong man to faint like a child or a feeble woman?"

"Not the least in the world, *companero*," the other said, frankly. "Accident decreed that I should be for a long time the involuntary witness of the contest you waged, though it was impossible to help you, and *Viva Dios!* I declare that you are a tough combatant; you sustained the shock bravely, and many others in your place—I the first, perhaps—would you not have got out of the scrape so well."

This answer completely broke the ice, and made the two men comparatively friends at once.

"I confess," Paredes remarked, as he offered his hand to his new friend, "that for a moment I believed myself lost, and had it not been for you I should have been so."

"Nonsense," the other replied, as he pressed the hand offered him. "You owe me nothing, for, by Jove! you saved yourself all alone. But let us not dwell on this point any longer. Although we are in relative safety, as the water cannot reach us here, our position is not the most agreeable; and I fancy it would be the best for us to try and get out of it as quickly as possible."

"That is my opinion, too; but, unluckily, the means at our disposal are very limited."

"Perhaps so; at any rate, with your consent, we will hold an Indian council."

"That is the best thing we can do at this moment. However," he added, as he looked up to the sky, "day will not break for three hours."

"We have time before us, in that case."

During this short conversation the storm had entirely ceased, and the wind only blew in gusts.

"Before all," the majordomo said, "let us light a fire; now that the tempest has ceased, the wild beasts, whose instinct is infallible, will seek the shelter of this hill, swarm round us, and, if we do not take care, carry our position by assault."

"Excellently argued; I see that you are a hunter."

"I was one for some time," Paredes replied, with a sigh of regret, "but now it is

all over; my adventures in the desert are ended."

"I pity you sincerely," the stranger said, with an accent of sincerity; "for no existence is comparable with it."

"The finest years of my life were those I spent in the desert."

While conversing thus, the two men had dug a hole with their machetes at the foot of an enormous larch tree, to act as a hearth. In this hole they piled up all the resinous wood they were able to procure, lit it with some gunpowder rolled up in leaves, and in a few minutes a long jet of flame sprung up and joyously ascended to the sky, while the wood crackled and emitted millions of sparks. Fire has an immense influence upon the human mind; among other benefits, it has the faculty of restoring joy and hope; and while warming a man with its reviving heat, it often makes him forget perils incurred and fatigues endured. The two men, who were as wet as if they had been in a river, dried themselves for a considerable time, enjoying the pleasant sensations which the heat made them experience, in proportion as it penetrated into the pores, causing the blood to circulate with greater vivacity, and restoring elasticity to their benumbed limbs. It was the majordomo who was the first to resume the conversation.

"*Viva Dios!*" he said, shaking himself joyously; "I am now quite a different man. What a fine thing a fire is when you are cold. Suppose we make use of it, comrade?"

"Do so, pray," the stranger replied, with a laugh; "but in what way?"

"Oh, that is very easy; you shall see. Are you not hungry?"

"*Caraí*, it is fourteen hours since I have eaten; but unluckily I have no provisions."

"Well, I have, and we will share them."

"Very good. I see that you are a first-rate fellow."

The majordomo rose, fetched the alforjas which were fastened to his saddle, and then seated himself again by the fire.

"There!" he said, displaying his provisions with some degree of complacency.

"*Caramba!*" the other remarked, with a laugh; "food was never more welcome."

The provisions which caused such delight to the two men would have made our good wives smile with pity. They consisted of some slices of *tasajo cicuia*, a lump of goat's cheese, and a few maize tortillas; but the majordomo produced a leather bottle, full of excellent mezcal, which had the privilege of restoring to the two adventurers all their merry carelessness.

The *tasajo* was laid on the coals, where it was soon done to a turn, and the two friends heartily attacked the supper. The frugal meal ended, they washed it down with a few sips of mezcal, fraternally passing the bottle to each other; then they lit their cigarettes, the *obligato* supplement of every Mexican repast, and began to smoke, while attentively surveying the heavy sky, which was already striped with dark bands under the influence of the early morning hours.

"Now, let us hold a council, if you are agreeable," the stranger said, as he inhaled an enormous mouthful of smoke, which he sent forth through his mouth and nostrils.

"As you are my senior on this territory," the majordomo remarked, with a laugh, "and are better acquainted with its resources than I am, you have the right to speak first."

"Very good: we are surrounded by water, and though the temporal has ceased, the streams will not return to their bed for several hours; moreover, the whole day will pass before the water is entirely absorbed by the sand."

"That is true," the majordomo said, with a significant shake of the head: "and yet we must get away from here."

"That is the question. To do so, we can only employ two means."

"Yes, we must either wait till the ground is dry, and that unfortunately will take a long time, which I cannot afford, as I am in a hurry; or at sunrise we can mount our horses, and bravely swim off, and reach the mountains, which cannot be very far distant."

"You forget another way which is still at our service."

"I do not think so."

"We can get into a canoe, and tow our horses after us, which will tire them less than carrying us; and enable us to reach the mountains to which you refer with greater ease; and they are only two leagues at the most, from this point."

"Your opinion is certainly good, and I approve of it with all my heart; unluckily we want one very important thing to carry it out."

"What is that?"

"Why, hang it all—the canoe."

"You are mistaken, *compadre*, we have one."

"Nonsense; how can that be possible?"

"While you were in a faint," the stranger continued, with a smile, "I explored our domain. You know that, in this country, when the rainy season arrives, the inhabitants are accustomed to hide canoes in bushes, and even in trees, in order to give travellers who are surprised by the inundation the means of saving themselves."

"That is true; have you found a canoe?"

"Yes; and hidden behind the very tree against which you are leaning."

"Heaven be praised! in that case we run no risk; but is the canoe in good condition?"

"I have assured myself of that fact, and even found two pairs of new paddles."

"Heaven is very certainly on your side. In that case we will start at sunrise, if that suits you."

"Excellently; though I am not in such a hurry as you appear to be, and for certain reasons I must remain in these parts some days longer."

"Shall we employ the few hours left us in having a sleep?"

"You can sleep if you like, but as I am not at all fatigued, I shall watch over our common safety."

"I accept your proposal as frankly as you make it. Yet, with your permission, I will not close my eyes till I have become better acquainted with you."

"How so? Are we not friends already?"

"Certainly, I am your friend, at least; but we do not know one another."

"That is to say—"

"We do not know one another—I mean who we are."

"Oh, when travelling, what value can such formalities possess?"

"A greater value than you suppose; in a few hours we shall part, it is true, perhaps never to meet again; but perhaps, at some distant period, we may require each other's assistance; now, how could I summon you, if I did not know your name?"

"You're right, comrade; as for me, I am only a poor devil of a hunter, woodranger, or trapper—whichever you please, and my companions call me Stronghand, because, as they say, when I hold out my hand to a friend he can trust to it in perfect confidence."

"*Viva Dios*, caballero! you are well named, as I can declare; your reputation has already reached me, and I am delighted at the chance that has brought us together, as I had already desired to form your personal acquaintance."

"I thank you," the hunter replied, with a bow.

"As for me," the Mexican continued, "my name is Jose Paredes, and I am majordomo to the Marquis de Moguer."

"What!" Stronghand said, with a surprise he did not try to conceal; "you are majordomo at the Hacienda del Toro?"

"Yes, what do you find surprising in that?"

"The man whom his master sent two days ago to Hermosillo, to receive cash for heavy bills drawn on an English banker?"

"How do you know that?" Paredes exclaimed, in his turn overwhelmed with surprise.

"What matter, so long as I know it?" the hunter replied. "Believe me," he added, with an accent that caused the majordomo deep reflection, "our meeting is truly providential, and heaven led us toward each other."

"That is strange," Paredes muttered; "how is it possible that a secret which my master confided to me alone should be in your possession?"

The hunter smiled. "A secret known to three persons," he said, "does not long remain a secret."

"But that third person, to whom you refer, has no right to divulge it."

"How do you know that? I will say to you in my turn, Master Paredes. Sufficient for you, for the present, to learn that I am aware of the cause of your journey. I think you said you had heard speak of me before we met?"

"That is true, senor."

"What terms did the persons who spoke of me employ?"

"The best, I must allow. They represented you to me as a man of unspotted loyalty and dauntless courage."

"Good! Does that report satisfy you—have you confidence in me?"

"Yes; for I am convinced that you are an honest man."

"I hope that your opinion of me will not alter. I will soon prove to you that it is fortunate for you and the marquis that we have met at the moment when you least expected it; for I was looking for you."

"Looking for me? I do not understand you."

"You do not require to understand me at the present moment; but set your mind at rest, everything will be explained ere long."

"I hope so."

"And I am certain of it. Are you devoted to your master?"

"My family have lived on the estate for two hundred years."

"That is not a reason; answer distinctly."

"I am devoted to him body and soul, and would willingly lay down my life for him."

"That is the way to answer; however, I knew it already, and only desired that your lips should confirm what I have been told."

"My master has no secrets from me."

"I know that also. Well, now, listen to me attentively, Senor Paredes, for what I have to reveal to you is of the utmost gravity."

"I am listening to you, senor."

"Your master is at this moment in danger of being utterly ruined. He is the plaything of villains who have sworn to destroy him. The sum you are going to fetch they intend to take from you, and everything is prepared to make you fall into an infamous trap, in which you will infallibly perish."

"Are you certain of what you assert?" the majordomo exclaimed, in horror.

"I know all, I repeat to you: the men from whom I obtained your secret, who little expected that I was listening to them, at the same time revealed to me the means they intended to employ in assassinating you."

"Why, that is infamous!"

"I am completely of your opinion, and that is why, instead of setting my traps in the desert, as I ought to be doing, I am now here. I wish to foil the plots of these villains, and confound them."

"But what interest induces you to act thus?" the majordomo asked, with a shadow of distrust.

"That question I cannot answer. You must for the present lay aside all curiosity; you must place entire confidence in me, and give me, in what I propose doing, as much help as I shall offer you. Does this suit you? I fancy that the bargain I offer is entirely to your advantage, and that you will run no risk beyond what I do myself."

There was a lengthened silence. The majordomo was reflecting on what he had just heard, while the hunter, with his eyes fixed on him, was patiently waiting till he thought proper to renew the conversation. At length Paredes raised his head, and held out his hand to the hunter, who pressed it.

"Listen, Stronghand," he said to him; "all that you have told me appears extraordinary, and I confess that at once: but there is such frankness in your voice, and your reputation is so well established among your brethren, the woodrangers, who all proclaim your loyalty, that I do not hesitate to confide in you without any reservation, for I am convinced that you can have no idea of betraying me, up to the moment when you think proper to reveal to me the names of the villains into whose hands I should have infallibly fallen, had it not been for you, and who have sworn the ruin of my beloved master. I will do what you ask of me—resign my will entirely; you may regard me as a thing belonging entirely to you. Come, go, act as you think proper, and I will obey you in everything, without asking any explanation of your conduct. Now, in turn, say if it suits you."

"Yes, my worthy friend, that pleases me. You have guessed my thought. I require this liberty to give me the means of succeeding in what I wish to do. Believe the word of an honest man. If anything can add to the confidence you have placed in me, and of which I am proud, I swear to you, by all that is most sacred in the world, that no one is more interested than I am in the Marquis de Moguer, or more sincerely desires to see him happy."

"We shall still start at sunrise, eh?"

"Yes; but not to proceed to Hermosillo. Before going to that town, we must take certain indispensable precautions. We have to deal with the most crafty bandits on the border, and must beat them by cunning. They are on our track, and we must cheat the cheaters."

"Good, good! I will call to mind my old hunter's profession."

"Remember, above all, the prairie proverb, 'The trees have eyes and the leaves ears.' Fortunately for us, the villains who are watching for you do not disturb me in any way. I reckon principally on that ignorance to foil their plots."

"But if we do not go to Hermosillo, where are we going?"

"To-morrow, when it is daylight," the hunter answered, cautiously, "when the bright sunbeams permit me to convince myself that no one can hear us. I will tell you. For the present, sleep, rest yourself, so that you may be able to support the fatigue that awaits you."

And, as if to avoid fresh questioning, the hunter wrapped himself in his zarape, leant his back against the larch tree, stretched out his legs to the fire, and closed his eyes. The majordomo, in spite of his lively desire to continue the conversation, imitated him; and a few minutes later, overcome by the fatigue of every description he had endured for some days, he was fast asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Feb. 11, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a large supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

OUR LETTERS.

A. L. B., of Fayette, Wisconsin, says:—

"Your Magazine and THE POST give universal satisfaction."

Mrs. H. D., of Spring Hill, Penna., in sending on a club says:—

"My folks tried to get me not to send for THE POST this year, but I cannot get along without it. I should miss it as much as an old friend."

J. J., of Talbotton, Georgia, in sending on a club says:—

"I have been taking THE POST for nearly thirty years—less the war years—and am as well pleased with it as ever."

H. P., of Mason City, Ill., says:—

"I consider THE POST the very prince of weeklies."

J. W. R., of El Paso, Ill., says:—

"It seems like meeting an old friend to have the pleasure of perusing your valuable paper once again. My father was a regular subscriber for about ten years."

Mrs. J. B., of Syracuse, N. Y., says:—

"For 22 years I have taken THE POST, and consider myself competent to speak of its merits as a family paper."

C. M., of Dixon, Mo., says:—

"I wish to acknowledge the receipt of your beautiful engraving, 'The Song of Home at Sea.' Every one that sees it admires it."

Mrs. A. L. O., of Deep Ford, Missouri, says:—

"After a fruitless attempt to find something better in the way of a paper and magazine, I have concluded that it cannot be found, and I must and will have THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND another year."

M. M., of Hammondville, Ohio, says:—

"I am very much pleased with THE POST—have taken it 16 years, and should miss it very much if I did not get it regularly."

An old subscriber in Kansas writes:—

"We are compelled to do without THE POST for the coming year, in order *to shake off borrowers*."

Borrowers, will you not take a hint from the above, and take THE POST for yourselves?

Mr. N. S., of Maysville, Michigan, says:—

"I have taken your paper for one year, and like it very much. Inclosed I send you the names and money of eight new subscribers."

BACK NUMBERS.

We have a good many complaints this year about the delay and failure in receiving back numbers. We have looked into the matter, and have every reason to believe that the fault is not in our office, but in the mail service. Probably the severe snows have had something to do with it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GOOD HEALTH. For February, 1871. Published by Alexander Moore, Boston.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. For January. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by ISAAC HAYS, M. D. January, 1871. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philada.

DON GIOVANNI. Opera, in Two Acts. By MOZART. With Italian and English words. Edited by Arthur Sullivan. Published by Boosey & Co., London and New York. This is the first of Boosey's Standard Operas, which will be issued fortnightly. They will comprise the complete Pianoforte scores, with words, of the chief Operatic Works of the day.

THE XIX. CENTURY. For February. Published by Livingston & Eckmann, Charleston, S. C.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A special telegram to the London Times from Berlin, says the conditions of peace prescribed by Bismarck to Favre embraces the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, with Belfort and Metz; the payment of ten millions of francs as indemnity for the expenses of the war; the cession of the Colony of Pondichery, and the transfer to the German navy of twenty first-class frigates. Favre refers these terms to the National Assembly, to meet at Bordeaux. The *London Times* considers these terms very exorbitant.

A French army of 70,000 men (under Bourbaki) has been forced to retreat into Switzerland, and been disarmed by the Swiss.

Paris is being provisioned by the Germans as rapidly as possible. The new French Assembly is to be elected at once.

☞ POWER OF INDIA-RUBBER TO DEADEN SOUND.—Chambers's Journal gives this illustration of the power of India-rubber to deaden sound: "We once visited a factory where some forty or fifty coppersmiths were at work in a shop above our heads; but what was remarkable, scarcely a sound of their noisy hammering could be heard. On going up stairs we saw the explanation. Each leg of every bench rested on a cushion made of India-rubber cuttings. This completely deadened the sound."

☞ The following rules for the government of children, which were first presented in one of Mr. Jacob Abbott's books, have been of great service to many successful teachers: "When you consent, consent cordially." "When you refuse, refuse finally." "When you punish, punish good-naturedly." "Commend often." "Never scold." If parents and teachers would bear these simple directions in mind, children would be better and happier.

☞ Some years ago, Dr. Carrett, Surgeon-in-Chief of the Hospital of Chambery, in Savoy, reported to the French Academy of Sciences his belief that serious lung diseases and disorders of the eye were often caused by carbonic oxide escaping into the air from cast-iron stoves. The attention of the Academy being thus called to the subject, several experienced chemists were instructed to make investigations. It was proved that without doubt hydrogen, carbonic acid, and carbonic oxide do pass through the walls of cast-iron stoves, at a dull as well as at a bright red heat, which is probably the cause of most of the discomfort felt in rooms heated by these stoves.

☞ Hydrate of chloral is the latest suggested remedy for sea-sickness. Its effect is to put the patient to sleep, and—provided the voyage is short enough, as, for instance, across the English Channel—he is not expected to wake until the end of the trip. If he does wake the dose must be repeated. It should not be taken, however, except under medical advice.

☞ An English paper contains the following item about scarlet fever, which is worth consideration now, when that disease is prevailing:—"There can be no doubt that books which have been handled during recovery from fever—at the very stage, that is, when the skin is peeling—frequently become charged with disease-germs. It is of importance that the heads of schools should be aware of the danger of suffering fever convalescents to borrow books, etc., from the school-room. A stock of suitable books should be provided against the evil day, to be burned when they have served their purpose.

☞ Three-quarters of a century ago, or more, Rochambeau wrote to Lafayette:—"It is always quite right to think Frenchmen invincible, but I am going to confide a great secret to you, which is the result of forty years' experience—there are none easier to beat than the French when they have lost confidence in their leaders."

☞ "Who ever heard of a man being disciplined for covetousness?" asks Dr. John Hall. "For other sins," he says, "men are cast out of the church; but in this sin, which the Bible calls idolatry, they live and die without one honest rebuke."

☞ Neither the barrister nor the physician in England can recover professional fees at law; if we won't pay them, they can't make us. Yet there is no class in the community makes fewer bad debts. Every one knows that the services of barristers and physicians must be paid for on being retained; every one pays for them, accordingly, without considering it any particular hardship to have to do so.—*Chamber's London Journal*.

☞ The Wandering Jew has turned up again at Antwerp.

Nature and Parents.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

It is a great mistake to keep children too long or too entirely in a state of pupilage. Few things so dwarf a child's mind and irritate its temper as the constant and necessarily petty exercise of authority. A child should be thrown on its own responsibility just as fast and just as far as possible. The needless intervention of adults, even though made in and with the tenderest kindness, is injurious to both intellectual and moral character. Better a child should have many tumbles, and walk alone, than be upheld always by his mother's hand. Children would learn to reason far more than they do if their elders were not so eager to reason for them. And if children were more accustomed to use their reason, there would not be so much false assumption and insufficient induction among grown people. Let things follow each other naturally, and the little folks will very soon be logical without knowing it.

Kitty's heart is set on wearing her new silk dress to the picnic. Her mother thinks it is not a fit dress, and refuses—and does it all for Kitty's good, the martyr—and Kitty cries and pouts and sulks, and is very unhappy, and shall be glad when she grows up and can wear her best clothes at her liking.

How would it do, now, for Kitty's mamma to let her wear her silk dress? She tells Kitty that it is not in good taste; that she must be so careful not to soil and spoil it that she cannot enjoy the picnic; that, whether this is spoiled or not, she cannot have another silk dress to take its place, but she shall decide for herself. I believe, ten to one, Kitty would agree with her mother, and be charming in her white pique. But suppose the little lady yields to the sheen of the silk. She goes to the party, takes great thought for her raiment the first half hour, and then—if she is a nice little girl—forgets all about it, sails in the boat, and splashes her dress; eats ice-cream, which trickles on the flounces; drops her sandwich in her lap buttered side down, and comes home altogether a sore, spotted, and dilapidated little maiden. Then the unnatural mother need not stand up with an I-am-holier-than-thou air, and add to the midget's distress by saying, "I told you so." She may comfort and calm her, and assure her that life is tolerable even after one has spotted one's only silk gown. But there is the spotted dress teaching Kitty the inexorableness of law, the necessity of prudence, the wisdom of parents. It has no tenderness, no affection for Kitty, and all her sighing will not banish aught of stain or splash. Every time Kitty puts it on the ugly defacements say to her, "Kitty, your mamma was right. It is better to wear wash-goods to picnics, in order that you may not have to wear shabby silks a year afterward." So Kitty learns to respect her mother's authority, and to judge of fitness in garments, and has thus started on the way of prudent, careful womanhood.

No; she does no such thing, because her fond and tidy mother steps in and spoils everything. What! let her child wear that shabby dress to dancing-school and church? Let those stains and spots stay on? She would be considered a tidy housekeeper, indeed—a thrifty woman, a careful mother! Not she! So she upsets all the arrangements of Providence, takes out the grease with French chalk and warm iron, puts in a new breadth for the splashed one, and sends Kitty forth, smiling and happy and fresh as new, and therefore not in the least benefited by her experience. Because her mother has interposed between error and its result, Kitty will forget both. Mamma acts for Kitty's good, does she? Oh no! It is for the good of Kitty's gown; it is for the good of her own name. She forbids Kitty to wear the silk, in the first place, to save the silk. She is more concerned that the fine frock shall be unspoiled than that Kitty's mind shall brace itself up to self-action. She rejuvenates it, in the second place, because she is more concerned to have the reputation of thrift with her neighbors than to have Kitty receive a thorough and wholesome lesson. Ah, the selfishness of these mothers!

Some children have what appears to be an ineradicable tendency to lateness. Whether the errand be duty or pleasure, they are always behindhand. Their parents are continually urging and reminding—drumming them up, as the phrase goes. Whether they are going to church, or to school, or to a pleasure-drive, the few last moments are tempestuous with hurry. Father is angry; mother is angry too, but keeps it down because father is, and it won't do to have both in a rage together; and for half an hour every one is nervous, flushed and uncomfortable—and I declare, Ella, if you can't be ready in season I will go without you. I won't have such a fuss every time you are going anywhere.

Yes, you will, papa, have just such a fuss; and you won't go off without her, and Ella knows it. That is just what you ought to do, and just what you will not do. Ella is fourteen years old now, and if you had been going to do anything you would have done it seven years ago. And how easy a thing it is to do! You announce at dinner that you will drive at seven, and all the children who are ready then may drive with you. Ella is of an age to take care of herself, and you say nothing to her about being in season.

If she does not begin to dress soon enough, keep still. Don't suggest to her that in fifteen minutes the carriage will be here. Leave her to the logic of events. And don't be severe, and stern, and virtuous, my Pharisee, for you are probably ten times worse than Ella, only there is nobody to stand over you and tell you so. Be sunshiny and natural, and affectionate; and when seven o'clock strikes, and Ella is rushing round frantic after her boot-buttoner, bid her good-by cheerily, and hope you will have her company some evening before she is twenty-one, and drive off; and don't say anything about it afterward. Don't irritate her with long, prosy harangues about the evil consequences of tardiness. And don't run mad on the supposition that *you* are to do everything for the children. Let them alone, and give nature a chance. Events will train them if parents will not insist on putting their hands in and making a tangle. When Ella, left to her own devices, has lost half-a-dozen drives, and received half-a-dozen tardy marks at school, and walked six times to church, blowsy, frowzy, and alone, she will yield to the inevitableness of law, and bestir herself in season. At least I would try it.—*Harper's Bazar*.

☞ The German papers mention as an indirect result of the war, that there has been a marked increase of lunacy in France, all the asylums being crowded.

John Cutts' Secret.

"Is Mr. Cutts in?" asked a gentleman who, having knocked at a door, was saluted by a woman from an upper window with, "Well, what's wantin' now?"

"Is Mr. Cutts in?"

"Yes, he's in or about somewhere, I suppose," she replied; "but I'm Mr. Cutts when any business is to be done. He's Mr. Cutts eatin' and drinkin' and sleepin' sometimes."

"Well, my good woman," said the gentleman, "I think he will be Mr. Cutts for my business, too. I wish to see him."

"What do you want of him?" asked the shrew, thrusting her head still further out of the window.

"To do something for me. But I must see himself," was the reply.

"Is it real business, for pay, or only a favor you want? I can let your nose have a peck of oats, or I can direct you to the shortest road to the Four Corners, or I can—I can—why I can do anything for you that he could, and a good deal more! I can take the money, and rite the receipts, and pay the men, and I take of the produce! I'm as good a judge of stock as he is, and I can't be beat on horseflesh."

"But," said the gentleman, drawing down his face solemnly, "you can't take his place now. Find him for me at once."

The shrew was baffled. "Look-a-here, mister, maybe you do not know the circumstances of this case. This here farm is mine, and it was my father's afore me; and Cutts, he haint no more claim to it than that hen down there has. And, besides, I'm seven years older than he is, a foot higher, and weigh twenty pounds more! What's your business on my place, if I may make so bold?"

"To see and talk with your husband," replied the gentleman, getting out of his chaise and hitching his horse to a post, as if he meant to stay until he did see him.

"Be you a doctor? Cause there ain't a living thing the matter with Cutts. He's the wellest man in town, and so be I," said this "woman for the times."

"No, my good woman, I'm not a doctor. Do you think your husband will be in soon? Send that boy to find him," said the stranger.

The boy looked up in his mother's face—but he knew his own interest too well to start without orders.

"Then you're a minister, I suppose, by your black coat. I may as well tell you and save your time, that we don't go to meeting, and don't want to. It ain't no use for you to leave no tracts for nothing—for I've got a big dairy and hain't no time to idle away readin', and I keep him about so early and late, that when he's done work he's glad to go to bed and rest."

"I'm no minister, madam; I wish I was, though, for your sake," said the gentleman.

"Look here, mister," now appearing at the door, and looking defiantly at him, "you're a schoolmaster huntin' up a district school; and you think he's a committee-man; but he ain't this year."

"Send for your husband; I cannot wait much longer. I must see him at once."

The boy started to his feet again, and looked in his mother's eye; but she gave no marching orders.

"Ma'am Cutts," as the neighbors called her, dropped her hands at her side and heaved a groan. She had found a man she couldn't manage.

"See here, now, mister," she said, "I can read a man right through, and I know what you was the blessed minute I clapped my eyes on you. I can tell by your evartastin' arguin' that you are a lawyer. We hain't got no quarrels; don't want no deeds drawed or wills made, so if you're huntin' a job of my husband, you may as well onhitch your horse and drive on. We know enough to make a little money, and I know enough to hold on to it."

"My good woman, you entirely misunderstand my errand. I can tell no person but himself what it is, and must tell him in confidence and alone. If he chooses he can break it to you the best way he can."

"O, my goodness sake alive! Brother Lif's blowed up in the Mississippi boat, I bet! O, la me, the poor fellow! He left a little something, didn't he?"

"I never heard of him, and nobody's 'blowed up,' that I know of," replied the gentleman.

"O—now I know! You're the man what wants to go to Congress, and have come here huntin' after votes. He shall not vote for you! I hate politicians, especially them that goes agin woman, and thinks they were made to drudge and nothin' else! I go in for free and equal rights for white folks—men and women—for Scripture says, 'there isn't neither man or woman, but all's one in politics.' I believe the day is comin' when such as you and me will have to bow the knee to woman, afore you can get the big place and high pay that's a eatin' us up with taxes! You can't see my husband! We are goin' to the polls on the way to the mill, and I'll promise you that he votes right."

"I'm no candidate, and I don't know what you are talking about. Ah! there comes the man I want." And the stranger went toward Mr. Cutts, who had just leaped a pair of bars which led from the potato patch into the lane.

Mrs. Cutts flew into the house for her sun-bonnet, to follow them; but by the time she got to the bars, her mysterious visitor and Cutts were driving rapidly down the road.

The strong-minded woman shouted after her husband, "You'd better come back, I tell you!" but the wind was the wrong way, and carried the words into the potato patch.

"Sir," said the gentleman to honest Cutts, "I have a very simple question to ask you, but I shall have to ask you in confidence. I will give you five dollars if you will promise not to repeat my words until to-morrow."

"Well, sir," replied Cutts, "I shouldn't like to answer any questions that would make trouble among my neighbors. I have my hands full, I can tell you, to keep out of scrapes now; but I've done it, and hain't an enemy in the world, as I know.

"But, sir, you needn't reply to my question unless you are perfectly willing," said the stranger.

"Ask your question," said Cutts, "and I will not repeat it."

"Well, Mr. Cutts, I am laying fence on the Brisley place, that I have just bought, and I was directed to inquire of you where I could buy cedar posts. A fellow in the store said, 'Cutts can tell you, if his wife will let him; but she won't. She'll insist on telling you herself—and perhaps, offer to drive you wherever you go to order them.'

"I told them I would see you and ask you only; and the fellows bet on it. They are to give you ten dollars, and to two or three widows in the town, a cord of wood each, if I succeed in asking you this question alone, and making sure your wife does not know my business until after breakfast to-morrow morning."

Cutts knew his wife's standing too well to feel very sensitive—and taking the bill from the stranger, he smiled and said:

"I'll go with you to look out cedar posts, and keep dark, for the joke's sake; but I don't know as she'll let me stay in the house to-night; I don't own it," replied the good-natured Cutts.

"Suppose you go to the place and see to selling the posts. I will send a boy to tell her you had to go off suddenly, on a little business, and will be back in the morning," said the stranger.

"I'll do that," replied Cutts, "for I never quarrel with her, but let her have her own way. I don't want to worry myself about trifles."

"Good man," said the stranger, "there are no trifles in this life. The smallest act is important, and that easy good nature of yours will ruin your family. Battle that spirit to-day—and next Sunday take your boys and go to the house of God, whatever she says, and be a real man—at the head of your own house and family."

"It's rather late to begin," said Cutts, shaking his head in a way that would have warned others from the trap in which his feet were fast.

"You see the purse is here," he added, "and that has been a crueler fetter than her will to me. But I will try to begin anew, for her good and the children's."

The boy was sent with the message, but the boy wasn't sharp enough. Madam Cutts discovered the whereabouts of her lord, tackled up and went after him.

All the way home, and far into the night, she used her eloquence, both in pleadings and threatenings, to find out the mysterious errand of that hateful town nabob that had come into the country to separate happy families.

But Cutts yielded himself up to a "dumb spirit" for the night, and no measures could induce him to talk on any subject, lest she should pry the mighty secret out of him.

About midnight she wore herself out, and went to sleep; but at daybreak she began again. He then ventured to say, "As soon as breakfast is over, I'll break the news to you."

"You'll never eat a morsel in my house, I can tell you," cried Xantippe, "till you have told me what the man wanted of you."

"Then you'll wait a good while to hear it," said Cutts, "for I have vowed I'd never tell it till I had first eaten my breakfast," and with these words he went out.

Ma'am Cutts endured the torture as long as possible, and then got breakfast. She called to the door to no one in particular, "Come."

But Cutts didn't come. After awhile she went out to the barn, and found him seated on an upturned half-bushel measure, calmly peeling and eating a raw turnip.

"It does seem as if this here man had possessed you! Your breakfast is cootin'; do come in."

Here was a point gained.

Cutts went in as required, and ate his breakfast. When that was over, madam settled herself back in her chair, with her face full of eager expectation, and said:

"Now begin. What did that ere man want?"

"He wanted some cedar posts," replied Cutts, calmly, without looking up; "and that was all."

If an arrow had struck Ma'am Cutts, she could not have manifested more surprise and shame.

"I am the laughing stock of this town," added Cutts, "and from this hour I turn over a new leaf. I'm henceforth the head of my family—and unless this house is made mine, I shall finish off a room in the barn—which is mine—and you will be welcome to share it with me. If not, I'll live there with my boys, and you will find me a civil neighbor."

Ma'am Cutts' power was broken. Since then the farm has been called—"John Cutts' place," and he's the head of the house.

☞ It is said that the medical advisers of the young King of Greece have advised him to abandon croquet, on account of the danger of cerebral excitement. He must have a very soft brain.

☞ "It's forty years, my old friend John, since we were boys together." "Is it? well, don't speak so loud; there's that young widow in the next room."

☞ The Danbury News says that the reason school-boys delight to dig and explore caves, is because of the recesses there.

☞ A girl of twenty years, near Alton, Illinois, has contracted with her father to dig him a well at seventy-five cents a foot. She was twenty feet under ground at last accounts; and no less than three offers of marriage, from delighted young farmers, have gone down that hole since it was commenced.

☞ RABBITS.—A farmer near London, Canada West, has two thousand rabbits in a warren five acres in extent. The cost of and attention to be paid to these animals involve an expense of twenty-five cents for each rabbit—and the net profits on the whole warren amount to $5,000 a year. The annual average increase is twenty-five rabbits for each pair. The males, when a year old, are killed and sent in barrels to market at Montreal.

☞ It is at the approach of dinner-time that we feel most sensibly "the emptiness of things below."

☞ A beggar who asked for a coat at a clergyman's house, handed back one slightly worn which was offered him, saying, "Madam, I want a coat that I should not be ashamed to wear in the daytime."

☞ The proposed flag of the new German Empire is black, white, red, and gold.

☞ If is be true that Brigham Young is writing a book having for its title, "What I Know About Women," it will doubtless be an exhaustive work.

☞ HOW TO CATCH THEM.—A Frenchman who had purchased a country-seat was complaining of the want of birds in his garden. "Set some traps," replied an old officer, "and they'll come. I was once in Africa, and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within two hundred miles. I hung a pair of earrings and a bracelet upon a tree—and next morning I found two women under the branches."

☞ There is a spring in California, the waters of which mixed with sugar make excellent lemonade.

☞ John Hanlon, convicted of the murder of little Mary Mohrmann, was hanged on February 1st in the County Prison, Philadelphia.

ONE WOMAN'S OPINION.

Before we were married it was "Emily, dear,"
"Do let me do that," and "Let me go there;"
"Let me toil for you, fly for you—
Let me live for you—die for you!"
And I was so foolish to think it was true.

And now we are married it is "Come, Mrs. Spratt,
Just sew up this hole, put a button on that!
You must cook for me, bake for me,
Mend for me, make for me!"
And I am so foolish as to sit and to do.

Before we were married I never knew strife,
But I'm never without it now I am a wife;
So, maidens, I bid you beware:
Let me tell to you—pray to you—
Talk to you—say to you—
Men are deceitful, and wedlock's a snare!

J. S.

Chinese First Families.

It is a common error to suppose that there is no hereditary rank in China, and that letters are the only ladder to rank. From very ancient times there have been five titles of nobility, called *Kung*, *Hou*, *Po*, *Tze*, and *Nan*, corresponding to our Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, and Baron. These titles were conferred upon relations of the Emperor, or upon subjects as a reward for distinguished merit, and were accompanied by grants of land. As a general rule the estate assigned to a *Kung* or a *Hou* did not exceed one hundred *li* (about 33 miles) in circumference; that given to a *Po* did not exceed seventy *li* (or 23 miles), and the lands of a *Tze* or a *Nan* were confined to fifty *li* (or 17 miles.) Since the accession of the present Tartar dynasty four new ranks have been added, called *Chin wang*, *Chun wang*, *Pei lo*, and *Pei tze*, all of which are held exclusively by members of the imperial family. The eldest son of the Emperor is called Tai tze, "the heir-apparent;" his brothers, with the exception of the youngest, are called *Chin wang*, and the Benjamin of the imperial family has the title of *Chun wang*. In some cases rank is transmitted unchanged from father to son: in other cases the son of a *Chin wang* becomes a *Pei lo*, the son of the *Pei lo* a *Pei tze*, and the son of a *Pei tze* a *Kung*, or Duke. This is called descending rank. Members of the imperial family do not descend below the rank of Duke. When a subject is ennobled for his services, he may either receive his rank to be transmitted unaltered to his heir, or he may receive the "descending rank." Rank is not inherited by all the children of a nobleman; only the eldest son and his issue, who must be born of the lawful wife, and not of a concubine, can bear the family title; but in default of legitimate issue of the eldest branch the hereditary rank devolves upon the issue of the second son, and so on; or the representative of the elder branch, being himself childless, may adopt the child of either of the younger branches, and the child so adopted inherits the title.

Conspicuous among the nobility of China are the *Pa Ta Chia*, or eight hereditary princely families, which accompanied the reigning family from Manchuria, and waived their claim to the usurped throne in its favor. Their rank remains unchanged to all generations.

It is said that it is impossible to buy a patent of nobility in China. If this be the case it is the only thing which money will not buy there. It would be, indeed, straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel, were simple rank not to be obtained by purchase in a country where offices, conveying the highest power for weal or for woe over millions, are notoriously sold to the highest bidder.

THE author of the "Marseillaise" seems to have died a wanderer, and to have been buried without any special marks of honor. A German soldier, while on outpost duty at Choisy-le-Roi, near the little burying-ground of that village, was attracted to a lonely-looking grave among the elaborately sculptured monuments. It was simply covered by a flat, gray stone, bearing an inscription in French, of which the following is a translation:

"Here reposes Claude Joseph Rouget de l'Isle. Born at Lons-le-Saulnier in 1760. Died at Choisy-le-Roi in 1836. When in 1792 the French Revolutionists arrayed themselves against Royalty, he put into their hands, as a weapon wherewith to break its power, the 'Marseillaise.'"

AN Ohio dentist has got into trouble. A young lady went to him to have a tooth extracted. The dentist examined all her teeth, and attempted to argue her into a belief that she should have her front teeth extracted and an artificial set inserted. She firmly declined. Her front teeth had given her no trouble, and she wished only to part with the one which had been rebellious. So the dentist administered gas. By-and-by the lady was aroused to consciousness by pain, and discovered that the operator had already taken out three front teeth, and apparently intended to proceed farther. The dentist has been arrested for assault and battery.

☞ BOOKS.—A learned writer says of books:—"They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferrules, without harsh words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them they are not asleep; if you seek them they do not hide; if you blunder they do not scold; if you are ignorant they do not laugh at you."

☞ A natural result of the co-education of the sexes is developed by the fact that out of 476 young ladies who have graduated from Oberlin, 173 have married young gentlemen who have graduated from the same institution.

☞ A man, stopping his paper, wrote to the editor: "I think folks ottent to spend their munny for payper, mi dadda diddent and everybody sed he was the intelligentes man in the country and had the smartest family of boiz that ever dugged taters."

☞ A Missouri newspaper claims that the hogs of that state are so fat that in order to find out where their heads are it is necessary to make them squeal, and then judge by the sound.

☞ He is not worthy of the name of poet who would not rather be read a hundred times by one intelligent reader than once by a hundred.

☞ An Arkansas planter, who has carefully noted the work of about sixty Chinamen, reports that they are better cotton pickers than the negroes, and that they are very industrious and obedient, and at the same time cleanly in their habits and persons. They work for $15 a month and board, and live principally on rice and molasses.

Wages.

One of the lower courts of New Jersey recently decided that a domestic servant who had been discharged for willful and persistent disobedience of lawful orders, was entitled to recover of his employer his wages up to the time of his dismissal. On review, however, the Supreme Court of New Jersey reversed this decision, holding, generally, that if a servant whose wages are due and payable periodically, as quarterly, monthly, or weekly, refuses to serve in the manner contracted for, or is rightfully discharged at any intervening period between the days when the wages are due, he can recover nothing for that space of time which he has served since his last periodical payment of wages.

☞ Men and cattle are caught in the same manner; it's the lass (who) does it.

☞ Mr. "Chawls Thawmpson" recently ran his head against a young lady during a cotillion. "Ah! excuse me, dear," he cried; "did it hurt, ah?" "No, sir," she replied, "it's too soft to hurt anything."

☞ They have a Newfoundland dog in Portland that possesses a highly useful trait. Let a horse run away, and he forthwith seizes the animal by the bit, and by his strength and dead weight stops it almost instantly, and thereby prevents a smash-up, if not more serious consequences.

☞ Ruskin says that the less we speak about our intentions the more chance there is of realizing them.

☞ As the vapor taken from the ocean returns to it again in rivers, so slander and acts of selfishness will come back in overwhelming floods.

☞ PREPARATION OF TRAGACANTH.—It is said that gum tragacanth can be prepared much more quickly and of a more uniform consistency by first rubbing up the powdered gum with a little glycerine before the water is added. In this way the formation of lumps is entirely avoided.

☞ A woman who never owned a Bible supposed she was quoting it when she greeted her son, who came home to keep Thanksgiving, in the following words: "Here comes the fatted calf."

☞ The camp table of the King of Prussia is graced with the curious, thin, well-worn, old historical plates which the Great Frederick took to the wars with him.

☞ A recent inquest in London affords a remarkable illustration of the lengths to which vanity will carry woman. A domestic servant died suddenly. The doctor could not account for the death and made a post mortem examination, which showed that the stomach had been reduced to the size of a baby's, and the heart pushed out of its proper place, through tight lacing. The coroner, a medical man of great experience, had never seen so aggravated a case of the sort.

☞ Perceiving that the hair and beard of a judge were colored, King Philip, of Macedon, removed him, saying, "I could not think one that was faithless in his hair could be trusty in his deeds."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—12,000 bbls sold at prices ranging from $5,25@5,50 for superfine; $5,75@6,25 for extra, $6,50@7,75 for Northwest extra family; $6,50@7 for Penna family; $7@7,75 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $8@9,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $5,25@5,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—35,000 bus sold at $1,58@1,62 for Indiana red; $1,60@1,65 for Penna red; $1,60@1,65 for Delaware red; 1,55@1,60 for Ohio red; $1,65@1,67 for Western amber, and $1,72@1,85 ₩ bus for white. Rye—Sales of 1200 bus at 95c@$1 ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 50,000 bus at 75@76c for Western mixed, 79@82c for yellow, and 80@81c for white. Oats—Sales of 60,000 bus at 58@59c for mixed, and 60c for white. Barley—2000 bus of Canada sold at $1,14, and 6000 do at $1,18 ₩ bushel.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $22@22,50; clear at $23, and extra prime at $19. Mess Beef at $20,50@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $20 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 16@18c; Excelsior hams at 18c; sides at 12c, and shoulders at 10½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 14@14½c; sides at 10½c, and shoulders, in salt, at 9@9½c Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tierces at 13@13½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 12@17c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 25@30c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 28@32c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 15½@16½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—1400 bales of middlings sold at 15½c ₩ lb for upland, and 16@16½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@22 ₩ cord for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX sells at 31@32c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 3@7½c for Apples, and 9@9½c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $4@5,50 ₩ bbl. Cranberries sell at $12@16 ₩ bbl. Layer Raisins sell at $2,62½@2,65 ₩ box.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,15@1,20; mixed do, $1@105; straw, 1,15@1,20.

IRON—Pig Iron—We quote No 1 at $20@21; No 2 sold at $27. Bar Iron sells at $74@75 ₩ ton. Bar Iron sells at $72@75 ₩ ton.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 5@9 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at from 5@7c ₩ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $10,50 to $11,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"The ladies of my family have had the privilege of using a Grover & Baker, Sewing Machine for more than thirteen years, and of comparing it with other machines esteemed by many, and now are able to express the opinion that they believe it is not surpassed by any other in use. Its durability, simplicity, and ease of management, combined with other qualities, render it pre-eminent in their esteem."

JOHN B. CLEMSON, D. D.
Claymont, Del.

Health and Long Life.

Among the many preparations that have been recommended for this purpose, none, it is believed, has proved as efficacious as PLANTATION BITTERS. This wonderful vegetable tonic appears to contain all the elements necessary to keep up the stamina of the system, and to protect it from the damaging effects of vicissitudes of temperature and other unhealthy influences to which we are all more or less exposed. The extraordinary invigorating and regulating properties of the preparation adapt it especially to the condition of the old and feeble, whose lamp of life is burning low, and requires a nutritious stimulant to sustain it.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
nov26-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crompton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CROMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.
oct1-tf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

Unanswerable Arguments.

Established facts are silent arguments which neither pen nor tongue can shake, and it is upon established facts that the reputation of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, as a health-preserving elixir, and a wholesome and powerful remedy, is based. When witnesses come forward in crowds, year after year, and reiterate the same statements in relation to the beneficial effects of a medicine upon *themselves*, disbelief in its efficacy is *literally impossible*. The credentials of this unequalled tonic and alterative, extending over a period of nearly twenty years, include individuals of every class, and residents of every clime, and refer to the most prevalent among the complaints which afflict and harass the human family. Either a multitude of people, strangers to each other, have annually been seized with an insane and motiveless desire to deceive the public, or HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, for no less than a fifth of a century, have afforded such relief to sufferers from indigestion, fever and ague, bilious ness, general debility, and nervous disorders, as no other preparation has ever imparted. To-day, *while the eyes of the reader are upon these lines*, tens of thousands of persons, of both sexes, are relying upon the Bitters as a sure defence against the ailments which the present season engenders, and their confidence is not misplaced. The local potions which interested dealers sometimes endeavor to foist upon the sick in its stead, are everywhere meeting the fate that is due to fraud and imposture, while the demand for the great vegetable specific is constantly increasing. febd-4t

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CONSUMPTION ☞ CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE. Sample package and treatise free.
Address, Dr. T. F. BURT, 737 Sixth Avenue, New York. jan21-13t

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FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN,

use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION*. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond st., New York.
jan7-3m

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Flesh Worms, or Grubs, and Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use *PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY*. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 602 Arch St. jan7-3m

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th of Jan., by the Rev. L. P. Hornberger, Mr. JOHN J. WAGNER to Miss MARY A. BRINTON, both of this city.

On the 4th of Jan., by the Rev. Joseph Mason, Mr. JOHN R. WILSON to Miss ELLEN B. STEVENSON, both of this city.

On the 23d of Jan., by the Rev. L. E. Hartman, Mr. WM. BLEWITT to Miss INDIANA PARRY, all of this city.

On the 23d of Jan., by the Rev. J. S. Kunkelman, Mr. JOHN WESTCOTT to Miss MARY E. BUCKNER, both of this city.

On the 22d of Jan., by the Rev. George Cummings, Mr. CHARLES MENCH to Miss EMMA MARKS, both of this city.

On the 25th of Jan., by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. D. N. SINN, Jr., to Miss MARY F. SWARTS, both of this city.

On the 25th of Jan., by the Rev. T. Owen Simpson, Mr. JOHN W. WARD to Miss LILLIE V. CLAYTON, both of this city.

On the 26th of Jan., by the Rev. E. N. Thomas, Mr. BURRELL DOBBINS to EMILY MUNROE, all of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of Jan., JOHN K. WRIGHT, in the 61st year of his age.

On the 26th of Jan., MARY ARTHUR, aged 44 years.

On the 27th of Jan., HOWELL MULFORD, in the 36th year of his age.

On the 27th of Jan., JOHN BARLOW, aged 41 years.

On the 28th of Jan., GEORGE HALL, aged 42 years.

On the 28th of Jan., ELBERT W. HINES, aged 55 years.

On the 29th of Jan., JOHN E. EBERHART, in the 35th year of his age.

On the 30th of Jan., JOHN CALDWELL, aged 80 years.

On the 29th of Jan., Mrs. SARAH A. RUSSELL, aged 40 years.

On the 27th of Jan., Mrs. MARY ANN BENTLEY, aged 84 years.

On the 28th of Jan., ABRAHAM KIRSHAW, aged [illegible] years.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in THE POST of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of THE POST is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE POST without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS.

We are still able to offer all *NEW* subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of LEONIE'S MYSTERY, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

WE HAVE A GOODLY SUPPLY OF BACK NUMBERS STILL ON HAND.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our new Terms on the second page of this paper.

The Indian and the Farmer.

Many years ago, in the state of Rhode Island, there was a tribe of Indians called the Narragansetts. They were a shiftless set. In summer they lived chiefly on potatoes and such other food as they could raise; but in winter they had to beg from the white people.

One cold afternoon in December an old Indian, with a willow-basket in his hand, came to the door of a farmer, and asked for a drink of cider.

The farmer had often given him cider before: but this time the Indian seemed to have already had as much as was good for him; so he told him with a smile that he would give him all his basket would hold.

Without saying a word, but with a shrug of his shoulders, the Indian turned from the door and went away. He knew well enough that a willow-basket would not hold any cider; but he knew also how to make it hold cider in a very short time.

Going straightway to a running stream near by, he dipped his basket in the water, and then hung it up in the air until it was frozen hard. Then he dipped it in the water again, and let it freeze a second time. This process he repeated until the basket was so thickly coated with ice, that it did not leak a drop.

The next morning he presented himself again at the farmer's door, and asked for his cider. Much surprised and amused at the Indian's shrewdness, the farmer filled the basket, as he had promised; and the Indian carried off his prize, greatly pleased with the success of his plan. I think he must have got more cider than was good for him, after all.—*F. B. in The Nursery.*

HOW TO PREVENT INJURIES FROM RUNAWAY HORSES.—An Englishman writes as follows:—

"A complete electric apparatus can be purchased in a small case. Let one of these be fixed in an out of the way nook in the carriage, two wires to hook to harness, beneath which have two very thin copper plates properly placed. In the event of a runaway, the driver and inside occupants would only have to press a glass knob to stop instantly the mad career of the strongest horses. It could be adopted for equestrians also."

SHEEPISH.—A correspondent of the Athenæum says the word "sheepish" has altered curiously in meaning since the twelfth century. In some old English homilies, of which the MS. is in Trinity College Cambridge, and which Dr. Richard Morris is now editing for the Early English Text Society, "sheepish men" are thus defined:—"Some men lead a pure life, and neither do nor say anything unpleasant to their fellow-men, but love God, and go each day to church, as sheep to the fold, and give gladly their dues to the Church, and alms to poor men, 'and beth cleped *sheepisse* men' (are called sheepish men.")

(Republished.)

Plain Language from Truthful James.

(TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve;
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper.
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

TWIN STARS.

[We hope our young readers especially, will read *attentively* the following article from *Chambers's Journal*. It will give them information upon certain points which no one should be ignorant of.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

We don't now care much for the stars. If they all went out, we should perhaps feel a little uneasy, but scarcely grieve for them. On one hand, town-life, with its gas-lamps and fogs, seldom permits of our looking at the stars: on the other, after the day's work is done, the club, the paper, or the fireside claim all that is left of us: we want something more stimulating or less fatiguing than astronomy. Then, too, we know all about it. Science has had its say. The wonders of the spectroscope have amused us for a moment, and we have turned to something else. Nor is it strange. In botany we have, indeed, hard names, but no name can undo the graceful tenderness of the lily, nor the glory of the rose; each object is not a bare entity, but a centre round which a thousand fancies twine. Gneiss, grauwack, shale, and schist suggest but little, yet who can forget the tender pathos with which, out of the pebble from the mine, the tiny curls of the fern frond tell of untimely death in days long gone.

But in astronomy we have numbers all ending with six ciphers, distances we cannot comprehend. We are told, to help us, that light needs three and a quarter years to wing its way across the chasm betwixt us and the nearest star. Vain mockery! Who knows—who feels how fast light travels? One hundred and ninety thousand miles per second has no more realized meaning than Abracadabra. How much better to confess that we cannot realize it. The distance of our sun we cannot understand; that sharp definite ninety-one million of miles is a far more incomprehensible thing than the abstract essence of goodness or beauty.

Nay if we could, by some fancy flight, passing that of poet's soul, make this a living reality, no better could we bridge over the gulf from star to star: the two are not comparable. If we map out our universe, and bring two stars on our chart, each system will be microscopic—if we picture the system, the stars on such a map will be miles apart.

Yet we feel, after all, there is an interest in astronomy if we can but reach it; and perhaps our best plan to strengthen our sympathies will be to narrow our field. We will not talk of stars, but of one star. Further, we will not talk of the nearest star, nor the brightest star, nor the most wonderful star, but of a commonplace star, which happens to be the star we know the most about—the star 61 Cygni. The reader may well indignantly exclaim: "Who gave you that name?" However, we must not blame its godfather, Flamsteed, whose catalogue was made for purposes rather practical than poetical.

61 Cygni, then, is a star in the Swan, in the end of the southern wing, and about as faint as any the naked eye can see. It can be easily found, as the stars *e* and *r* with it form a right-angled triangle, of which *r* is the right angle. To the naked eye there is nothing whatever of interest in the star above its fellows. Being close by the Milky-way, many such stars are scattered about. But a glance with a telescope will at once reveal one point of distinction. The other stars but shine brighter when so viewed. 61 Cygni shows us two yellowish specks close side by side. It is, in fact, a double star. We have two stars instead of one. What right have we, then, to join them in a single name? It may be but a chance that we see two stars in the same direction, one nearly behind the other—two strangers met, not two brothers arm-in-arm. Well, there is no doubt on the matter; we see them pass along together. Fixed stars we call them, and so they appear to our eyes; but when the Chaldean shepherds watched the stars, 61 Cygni had a far different position; then it was in the apex of the Swan's southern wing, now it has floated on among the quill feathers. And though no eye then noted the twin stars, for two hundred years past the pair has been watched slowly floating on together through the infinite void. More than that, as our planets acknowledge the ruling sun in their stately dance around him, so, too, these twin stars, with graceful, though slow observance, wheel each round the other. Five hundred times our earth will encircle the sun before these linked stars have trodden a single round. How different to our world, where the sun sits as king, cuckold by his dependent planets, knowing no rival. Yonder each sun sees not only dependants, but an equal.

Such, then, is our star. But if this were all, we should know but little. Do its suns surpass ours in glory, and is it because they are so distant that their light is so faint? On what scale is the system framed? To answer these queries is one of the hardest problems in practical astronomy. We must find the distance of the star.

The principle we employ is a simple one. If the reader but shift his head from side to side, he will see, wherever he looks, each object shift to and fro on those behind it. This page shifts to and fro on the carpet, the gasalier shifts to and fro on the window, the window-frame shifts to and fro on the house-tops we see through it, and the distant house-tops, again, shift to and fro on the remoter clouds. The least trial will convince any, that if we refer all three, gasalier, window-frame, and house-tops, to the distant clouds, the shifting of our head will reveal their differing distance. The farthest appears to shift the least, and the nearest the most. And if we measure through what angle each object seems to shift, and know how far our head has moved, a simple rule-of-three sum will give the distance of the object. This is so simple a principle, that we have often seen it unconsciously employed by those who are not much versed in science. We walk through a wood; suddenly we are startled by a tiny caterpillar hanging on his silken cord just in our path. We strike at it with our hand, to clear the way, and miss. Instinctively, we move our head from side to side, to test, by the apparent shifting of the grub, as viewed on the boughs beyond, its true distance, and so better aim our blow.

Of course, this method requires, when we apply it to the stars, a background of very distant stars, on which the nearer may be seen to shift. 61 Cygni has such a background. It is near the Milky-way, and stars far smaller than it, and doubtless far more distant, are scattered by to which to refer it.

No moving, indeed, from side to side in our chair will enable us to see 61 Cygni shift to and fro upon the stars beyond it, not even if we hurried to the antipodes and back again; but the patient earth carries us round its vast orbit every year, and half-year by half-year we shift our position through 180,000,000 miles. To this motion of ours to and fro, corresponds a shifting of 61 Cygni on the background of tiny stars. Look at the full moon, and fancy a line across her disk divided into two thousand equal parts. Through such a tiny interval as one of these will 61 Cygni appear to shift to and fro as we change our point of view from side to side of our enormous orbit. The reader may imagine how powerful the telescope and how accurate the observer required to establish such a result.

This amount of shifting shows that 61 Cygni is some five hundred thousand times as far off as our sun. If we made a map in which the orbit of our earth was of the size of a sixpence, to preserve the scale 61 Cygni should be marked down some three miles off.

Now we know the scale of our system, for, seeing how large it looks, knowing how far off it is, we can compute how large it really is. The two stars, it appears, are some forty times as far from each other as we are from the sun. More dry figures? No; for we do not dwell on them, but use them to obtain more interesting results. Prospero's wand, in itself, had probably as little beauty as other sticks; but wave it rightly, and fairies dance and sing before the astonished eyes. Such, could we but rightly use them, would these dry numbers be.

It is not for nothing that our stars slowly circle round each other, but in obedience to their mutual attraction. On the intensity of that attraction depends the motion. If we find two bodies, though near together, moving but slowly round each other, we learn that the bodies attract each other but little. Our earth, owing to its large mass, attracts us considerably, if we let it; it drags us down rapidly, dashing us down over sixty feet in a couple of seconds. Even a cannon-ball, before it has gone far, is drawn down to the surface. A ball flying some twenty-five times as fast as a cannon-ball, let alone the resistance of the air, would go round and round the earth, just kept from flying off. At the distance of the moon, the earth's pull is only the 1-3600th part as strong as where we are, so that the moon, though moving far more slowly, still keeps her distance. Now, the sun is far more distant than the moon, but owing to his far greater mass, he pulls the earth far harder than the earth pulls the moon. So we have to move much faster in our orbit, to prevent being pulled in to the sun, than the moon in her orbit to prevent being pulled in to the earth. Now, each star in 61 Cygni goes about three-quarters of a mile in a second; the earth, if as far from the sun as they from each other, would have to go some three and a half miles per second. We see, thus, that the sun pulls harder than these stars pull each other. The strength of the pull depends on the mass of the body pulling; and thus it has been calculated that the two stars contain each of them about one-ninth the matter that there is in the sun.

We know, then, the weight of one star. We have found it by the only way we have for weighing great masses as planets and suns. We have no scales to place them in; we cannot take up worlds and lay them in the balance with other worlds; but the telescope watches how fast they pull other stars or planets to them, and thus discovers their mass, and thence their weight. Two hundred-pound shot, placed with their centres two feet apart, and free to obey the mutual attraction, will move towards each other 1-800th of an inch in the first minute. If we saw two shot, two feet apart, draw together 1-400th of an inch in the first minute, we should know that they each weigh two hundred pounds.

If, then, we take two-ninths of our sun, and mould each ninth part into a sphere, and place them half as far again apart as our farthest planet is from the sun, we get the visible system of 61 Cygni. Doubtless, just as our sun fosters and guides many dark bodies depending on him for light, so these twin stars have circling round each an attendant band of planets. Smaller, indeed, than ours these planets may well be, the suns themselves being small, and in smaller compass; yet, all this complex system, at such a vast distance, shows to the naked eye but as a tiny speck of light.

We have spoken of taking two-ninths of the sun, and making two stars of them; if we did so, each portion would expand a little, and if the surface were as bright as the sun, the two together would give half the light he does. Removed to the vast distance of 61 Cygni, the light would be lessened some 250,000,000,000 times. Yet, when so lessened, we should still have some eight times the light 61 Cygni does give. 61 Cygni must, therefore, be dull and condensed. How can we explain this? Our readers may remember that awhile ago, when treating of Algol, we spoke of the life of stars—the young as hot and rarefied, the older as cooler and denser. Algol appears to be such a young star. Stars, too, do not all grow old alike quickly; it is size which chiefly determines the rate of cooling. A little star would pass through fiery youth, its sober middle life, and its dull old age, whilst some larger one had not yet lost the heat and rarity of its first bloom. We have, in fact, three stars—Algol, our sun, and 61 Cygni, types of the three stages: Algol still in its vastness of intensest lustre; our sun, a smaller star, in its calm middle age; and 61 Cygni, least of the three, most condensed and dullest. There is the life of a star as the life of man; some rejoicing in their fiery might; others spending a more tranquil as more useful maturity; others fading away—all, sooner or later, doomed to extinction.

Very diverse from our celestial scenery would be the view presented on any attendant of 61 Cygni. There is no reason to doubt the existence of such attendant planets. Each separate star will have a system of its own, just as Jupiter and Saturn have each a system of attendant moons exclusively their own. Suppose, then, a planet circling round one of the stars of 61 Cygni, and, in order to fix our ideas, imagine it as far from it as Mercury is from our sun. The star round which it revolves will be its sun, giving it about one-fourth the light and heat we receive; the other star in 61 Cygni will appear to this planet as a star of surpassing lustre, giving fourteen times the light of our full moon. Venus is beautiful, but what glory would a star a thousand times as bright give to the darkness of night? During its year of two hundred and sixty days, beautiful would the changes of the heavens be. Now, this farther sun will be in opposition, rising at sunset, and shining through the night. Now, a later season in the year would show it an evening star, soon for awhile to be lost in the blaze of the sun. But a week or two, and it would herald the dawn; and so, year by year, the beautiful cycle would roll round. We love the varying changes of the moon: there are in this our universe other arrangements, no less beautiful, though utterly diverse.

Vast, indeed, is the distance of our star; but, great though it be, it is very small compared with the size of the world of stars. Could we, in fancy, fly to 61 Cygni, the nearer stars would glide backward among the rest, as the trees in the fields, when we hurry along by railway, move backward on the horizon. Yet most would seem stationary, like the distant hills, whose peaks present to our eye an unchanged rank as we pass on mile after mile. Vega, there, shining as brightly as Sirius shines on us, would be shifted back from the Lyre into the Crown, the brighter gems of which would have fallen from their setting. Arcturus there has chased Spica, and would have nearly caught it, had not that coy star too fled. The heavens would be much altered—all the brighter stars shifted from their places; the Heart of Charles torn from the Dogs, round whose neck it now hangs; the Great Bear with its back broken; all the old familiar groups confused, though many still possibly to be recognized.

As one by one we pick up our old friends, Sirius, Rigel, Capella, and the rest, some brighter, some fainter, one star appears we never saw before. There, in the constellation of the Ship Argo, where on earth we see no bright star, would be one as large as the Pole star, shining with a clear yellowish light. We look at our map: no such star is there marked. It is our sun. Not a planet is visible; not only the earth, but the giants Jupiter and Saturn, all are lost in that tiny speck of light. Nor is it impossible that in this our distant world papers may be written on astronomy, in some of which our sun may be lightly mentioned, and our existence perchance surmised as dwellers in a tiny planet circling round a little sun.

Yet why suppose life to exist on this far-off globe? Why should we not rather regard it as peculiar to our earth, and its absence from any planet at least as likely as its presence? So men might well reason once; now, they scarcely may. The analogy of our earth leads us to believe life exists wherever possible. We go down into the darkest depths, and there, in the crushed and calcined rocks of oldest birth, read the half-effaced lines that tell of life, though it be but the track of the worm on the sandy shore. All past time is full of life, and now—where does not life exist? The polar snows are rosy with tiny life, the black deeps of ocean are full of busy land-builders, the air itself is full of living germs. Life on earth is something so elastic, so irrepressibly expansive, as at last to triumph over all opposing forces. And to what point does all growth in knowledge tend? Is it not this: that the universe is One, planned by one Creator, guided by one Ruler? From what we know, then, which is but little, we gather that life exists wherever possible. Yet, on earth, no life has yet mastered the sands of the Sahara, or the snow-clad mountain-tops; so there are other parts of the universe where no life can exist. There is none, we believe, in the moon, for reasons we have given in a former paper; none in the sun, nor in any star. Yet their attendant planets have swarmed, do swarm, or will swarm with life such time as those planets possess seas, atmospheres, and a rapid rotation.

☞ Mrs. Ingham, of Iowa, will live in history as the woman who delivered a Thanksgiving sermon while her husband proudly sat back of the pulpit holding the baby.

AN ASSURANCE.

BY J. EUGENE BUTLER.

Ah, believe it not that love is fled,
O'er many hearts he holds his sway;
The passion which thou deemest dead
Can ne'er in all decay;
There are with whom it doth not stay,
But there are others, far and nigh,
Who, be where'er the path they stray,
Will own it cannot die.

And I am one of those who prove
That what thou thinkest is not so,
For night and day the fire of love
Doth in my bosom glow.
And though it sometimes brings me woe,
I cherish it howe'er things be;
And O how I would have thee know
That mine is all for thee!

Marching Powers of the Prussian Troops.

Without having personally witnessed the endurance of the Prussian troops in marching, often under unfavorable conditions, I could not have believed in the possibility of the accomplishment of such feats. I have known men march thirty English miles a day for three consecutive days. It must be remembered, too, that when the day's march was over the troops had to do their fire-lighting and cooking, and, indeed, had occasionally to search at distances for the food to cook. Nor must it be forgotten that the Prussian troops on the march almost invariably bivouac in the open air. They carry no tents—an excellent arrangement in fine summer weather, when it is a positive pleasure to sleep "under the beautiful stars," but one that is very trying when the weather is broken and inclement. They carry burdens on the march much heavier than the kit of our English soldiers, and in the burning dog-days they plodded sturdily forward all day long, yet I only heard of a few cases of sunstroke. I attribute this exemption to the almost invariable sobriety of the Prussian soldiery. It was but the other day—nor is the case in isolated one—that a loud clamor was raised in England because a regiment had been marched some distance in the sun with the result of several sunstrokes, one of which was fatal. Those who cried shame over the trifling Kingston march should have seen the Prussians striding steadily forward, the thermometer at eighty or eighty-five in the shade, with needle-gun, heavy knapsack, eighty rounds of ammunition, huge great-coat, camp-kettle, sword, (a useless encumbrance,) spade, water-bottle, haversack, and lots of odds and ends dangling about them, with perhaps a loaf, like a curling-stone, under the arm, and without the remotest symptom of sunstroke. But then they had not been drunk with bad beer or worse spirits the night before, and it is this over-night intoxication to which, I think, inquiry would demonstrate that cases of sunstroke on the march are mostly attributable. So steady and unfluctuating are the marching pace and endurance of the Prussian troops, that it must be a miscalculation on his own part if a leader is out in a reckoning having these conditions for its basis. The Generals know what the men can do, and feel assured that they will do it; and this confidence enables them to devise strategical combinations in the full conviction, which is never falsified, that the troops will turn up at the appointed place true to time, and ready, too, for fighting, no matter how long and severe the road has been.—*Saint Pauls.*

Amusing Children.

As the cold weather has come, and the little ones are obliged more and more to seek amusement in-doors, the mother looks around for ample sources of entertainment to keep the busy fingers employed, yet out of mischief. One corner of the kitchen or sitting-room should be given up to the children, where they may have full sway. A peck of clean sand in a tight box, with a funnel and tin cups, is capable of giving some children a great deal of pleasure. Hammer and tacks, with a bar of soap instead of wood, are also good things for boys. An ounce of parti-colored beads, doled out a few at a time, with needle and thread to string them, will amuse most little boys or girls for many hours. Slate and pencil, or paper and pencil, with a set of cheap drawing-cards for models, are very fascinating to children four or five years old. A set of building blocks costing from one to three dollars, is an excellent investment for a bevy of juveniles.

Investment of some sort there must be, if peace and quiet are to be preserved, either of money in the purchase of toys, or of time in making them, or, greater than all, of patience and good temper in bearing the penalties that parents must suffer who make no adequate provision for keeping idle hands out of mischief that Satan will surely find for those idle hands to do. Dolls, tea sets, hobby horses, picture books—these are as indispensable in the nursery as are milk, cribs and flannels. There must also be a due proportion of finger marks on the doors, thumps on little heads, scratches and bruises on little bodies, to make up the perfect round of child-life.

The mother may fancy that she will be happier when her boys and girls are grown from under her constant watchfulness; but the general testimony is that the period of playthings, of measles, and whooping-cough, of walking sticks, and horses, and tongues, and poker ponies, is happier for the mother and often for the child. When her offspring are all about her, their noise may distract, their incessant wants weary the mother; but she does not worry over them then as when, later in life, they go, she knows not where, and they do she knows not what. It is best, therefore, to enjoy the period of infancy and childhood as it passes, numbering only its joys and forgetting its annoyances, smoothing rugged paths for tender feet, and helping young hearts to choose the good, and growing minds to seek and love true wisdom.

☞ The floor of one of the Litchfield (Conn.) churches is so uneven that in passing up one of the aisles a person goes out of sight thirteen times. So says a local paper.

☞ The man out West who is always doing surprising thing, recently sent an order to Chicago for a piano, and soon after wrote the dealers that he and his wife couldn't find the place to wind it up, and they wanted to be told at once how to make the thing go.

☞ Dr. Holmes says:—"Walking is a perpetual falling, with a perpetual self-recovery. It is a most complex, violent, and perilous operation, which we divest of its extreme danger only by continual practice from a very early period of life."

OLD LOVES.

FROM HENRI MURGER.

Louise, have you forgotten yet
The corner of the flowery land—
The ancient garden where we met,
My hand that trembled in your hand?
Our lips found words scarce sweet enough
As low beneath the willow-trees
We sat—have you forgotten love,
Do you remember, Love Louise?

Marie, have you forgotten yet
The loving barter that we made—
The rings we changed, the suns that set,
The wood fulfilled of song and shade!
The fountains that were musical
By many an ancient trysting-tree;
Marie, have you forgotten all,
Do you remember, Love Marie?

Christine, have you forgotten yet
Your room, with scent and roses gay,
My garret, near the sky 'twas set,
The April hours, the nights of May,
The clear calm nights; the stars above,
That whispered—they were fairest seen
With no cloud veil—remember, love,
Do you remember, Love Christine?

Louise is married, and—well-a-day
Marie a sadder road has ta'en,
And pale Christine has passed away,
In Southern suns to flower again!
Ah me, for one and all of us!
Marie, Christine, Louise forget;
Our bower of love is ruinous,
And I alone remember yet.

MY NEW NEIGHBOR.

BY ANNIE THOMAS (MRS. PENDER CUDLIP.)

"But if thou wilt be constant, then,
And faithful to thy word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Were never heard before;
I'll deck and crown thee o'er with bays,
And love thee more and more."

I was reading these lines to the girl I was going to make my wife; reading them to her on the brink of a purling stream, that danced to its own music through her mother's garden. There was a certain romance about the situation. The brink of that stream was as softly sloping and softly green as it could enter into the heart of either poet or sybarite to desire it to be. The sun was shining brilliantly on that July day; but though it was the middle of the lily-scented languor-fraught afternoon, the rays of that sun were powerless to affect us unpleasantly, by reason of the thick impervious shade that the brave old beech-trees made over our heads. A certain romance about the situation, did I say? The situation swarmed with romance. Would that there had been a particle of it in the engagement!

I was a young man at this epoch—a young man full of youth's happy-hearted aspirations and expectations. Circumstances had conspired from my birth to make me expect much and aspire to much. My father was a country gentleman—a squire—sufficiently well off and enlightened to second his second son's ambitious educational ideas. I was that second son, and my ideas were of a course at Heidelberg, between Eton and Oxford. And I had been indulged in this course, and had come home now from Oxford, after my first term, a compound of rationalism and irrationality, of German mysticism and English conservatism, of free-thought and fettered understanding, of natural chivalrousness and acquired cynicism, such as the mixed manner of my educational career might have been expected to produce.

I had come home, and, though I was no prodigal, the fatted calf had been killed for me, and I had been altogether feted and made of much account. I was only the second son; but then the second son of the Rowley family was not an altogether obscure and contemptible person. There was a good deal of red, red gold floating about in various directions, that in the natural order of things would eventually fall into my possession. Moreover, I was well-looking, and reputed to be the owner of a brighter intellect than had fallen to the share of any of my compeers in that part of the county. *Au reste*, I had unlimited "assurance," my father called it—"faith in myself," I designated the enviable quality.

Behold me, then, aged twenty-three, under the July sun, on the river-bound lawn of Mrs. Methold's place, The Beeches, pouring out my own sentiments in the grand old Border verses that I have written at the head of this episode in my life—pouring them out enthusiastically, because, like a young fool, I thought the pretty pink ear of my lady-love would tingle sympathetically to the emotions with which I gave voice to the swelling, throbbing strain in which I thought to make her comprehend my estimation of fidelity.

She could not do it. It was her misfortune, not her fault, that she could not do it; but I was not aware of the fact at the time, and I was angry and disappointed with and about her. It was unreasonably absurd of me to expect that fair rosebud-faced, forget-me-not-eyed girl to understand aught that was not immediately about and around her.

"I hope you're not going to turn out jealous, Willie," she said, gravely, when I came to a pause after giving out the lines,

"But if thou use me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more,"

with a degree of unction which surprises me considerably now, that I look back upon it from my present standpoint.

"There are such various kinds of jealousy," I commenced in an explanatory strain: "some jealousy is as noble as the kind that disorders little captious minds is ignoble."

"Ah, well," she said simply, "I hope you'll not trouble me with either the noble or the ignoble kind, dear. Mamma always says there is nothing so destructive of all domestic happiness as jealousy."

Now I didn't particularly desire to hear what her mamma said, or what her mamma thought—I was not engaged to marry her mamma. Heaven and earth! shall I ever forget the ecstacy of feeling that possessed me for a moment as this last reflection crossed my mind! Mrs. Methold was an "admirable woman," "exemplary as a mother and the mistress of a family," people said; but when I suffered a vision of her as a possible substitute for my Milly to cross my mind, I candidly confess that I shrank from her.

The path of wooing and winning of Emily Methold had been characterized by that extreme ease and comfort, not to say luxury, which strongly predisposes young men to matrimony. Milly herself was of an acquiescent amiable order of mind, that rendered her very amenable to the advances of the god of love; and the Beeches was the theatre of such perpetual scenes of hospitality and festivity, that it was almost unavoidable that softening of the heart and brain which had terminated in my casting myself and my fortunes as an offering at Miss Methold's feet. The fair daughter of the house, of which the mistress was a richly dowered widow, had "deigned to smile," without the smallest hesitation or affectation of it even. So, at the end of our sixth waltz one evening, when I said something that was a little warmer than was my wont, I found myself pledged to her, and committed to stand to my word within a period of ten minutes.

On the face of it, it was no bad fate. Even my own sisters, who were disposed to be ultracritical about their brothers's requirements, had to acknowledge this. My future wife was "fair as the first that fell of womankind," in a sweet, soft, pink-and-white way, that was essentially English, and gratifying from the point of view that chiefly regarded complexion. She was a good girl, too, as well as a pretty one—a girl who would sacrifice her own amusements unhesitatingly at the faintest call of duty. This, at least, was the character I received with her, so to say. As far as I was concerned, I regarded the idea of any sacrifice being demanded of her, my choice, as an abominable evil, and shunned it accordingly.

As soon as it was known that she was my choice, I became very proud openly, in the face of day, of having chosen her. I wrote to old university friends of mine, in the sort of confiding half-fraternal way in which very young men are apt to write to the friends who belong to what they call the "old times of their student days," as if Time could be old to us at our age! I rhapsodized about her grace and her extreme and tender prettiness—wrote myself into mild little love-fevers, in fact, and looked forward to my future with egotistical satisfaction.

Our future—hers and mine—was arranged so placably and pleasantly. Milly's mother, the well-dowered mistress and owner of The Beeches, was generous in her intentions towards her daughter. "Her father left her no independent fortune," Mrs. Methold would say; "but it shall be my care, Mr. Rowley, that my daughter shall be no encumbrance to your son when he takes her. He will do his part nobly, I am sure."

This was put as a feeler or leading question, my father was wont to affirm, to my very great disgust at that time; for I had faith to a certain extent in Milly's mother, principally because she stood in that honorable relation to Milly. Therefore I felt bound to answer her expectations to the best of my ability. And so, about this sultry July time when my story opens, I was setting myself seriously to consider what my abilities were, and in what special direction they would be likely to make the strongest shoots.

Church, Army, Physic, Law—these various paths had been proposed to me; and I had unanswerable objections to following any one of them. I had no vocation for being a good young priest of gentle mien, the idol of a band of damsels of either high or low proclivities. A dead level of peace reigned at the period; therefore the army opened up no prospect of a career. Medicine had no charms for me, either as a recipient or practitioner of it. And as for the law—well, it might be years and years before I could get called to the Bar, and gain an opportunity of distinguishing myself. Meanwhile "Time would go on, on the wings of the dove—but, alas, they'd be marked by the feet of the crow;" and ere I had made my mark, I might perchance have developed baldness and Milly gray hairs.

We can only be young once! That sentence contains suggestively a number of terrible truths. We can only be young once! Only live in the joy of the present and the future; only find delight in getting over the hours pleasantly; only believe that the world was made for us to be happy in at one epoch of our existence; and that is during the early days of Love's young dream. You were right and wise, old Herrick, in bidding us

"Gather the roses while we may;
Old Time is still a-flying."

When once those roses perish, the thorns spring out with greater luxuriance than the flowers.

I had a faint foreshadowing of this fact in my mind when I felt the first stab of anxiety to do something to distinguish myself and to secure Milly. I had no time to waste, I said to my father: and he replied that he was glad I had arrived at the same conclusion to which he had come himself for some time, from his observation of the way in which I spent my mornings. Still he would wish for a clearer exposition of my views respecting my choice of a profession.

"I have an idea of devoting myself to literature," I said, modestly.

"Indeed!" he replied, with a little good-natured air of affected sarcasm that was not designed to, and that did not discourage me. "Literature will be infinitely obliged to you, I have no doubt; but in what way is your devotion to manifest itself, Willie?"

"I shall begin by trying my hand at press work," I said, as confidently as I could; "leader-writers, especially if they devote themselves to a party, make their mark very soon if there is any power about them; that would be getting my hand in; and then, by-and-by—" I hesitated, and he filled up the pause.

"By-and-by you'd write novels in three volumes that no one would read; is that your plan?"

"I certainly don't contemplate the last clause," I said, laughing. "However, that is my plan; has it your approval?"

"Well, no, my boy, it has not, he said, frankly dropping all the assumed sarcasm at once. "I am an old country fogy in your eyes probably" (I protested against this assumption; and he just put his hand on my shoulder, out didn't otherwise heed my protest); "and I would rather you had decided on something more definite. But if you have the talent, heaven forbid that I should be the cause of your hiding it."

And on this permission I acted.

Milly approved of my determination. Looking back through the vista of years upon the manner in which she received the tidings that I had come to it, I am hardly justified in saying, that she was *sympathetic*, but she was amiable, and she abounded in faith.

"What charming books you will write, Willie!" she said, opening her sweet surprised-looking blue eyes very wide, on receipt of my information. "Why don't you begin about them at once, and never mind writing stupid newspaper things?"

I attempted to make her understand, with as small a display of impatience as I could compass, that it was not my intention to write "stupid" newspaper things.

"But I never look at them," she said, irrelevantly; "and I do love a good novel. Do write one like Guy Livingstone. I should be so proud of it."

"Should you?" I said, savagely. "Haven't you the least ambition to see me write something original?"

"I don't care much about that, if it's amusing," she said; and thus she added deprecatingly, "And what you write will be sure to be amusing, you know, Willie."

I was not an implacable Cerberus, and I accepted this sop graciously; the more so, as I felt convinced that I should have to run the gauntlet of her mother's adverse opinion to my scheme. Mrs. Methold held all professors of art and literature in the lowest possible esteem. "The world is full of folly and sin," is an axiom that she, as an exceedingly religious woman, would never have thought of disputing. But I know that she felt sure that these qualities were to be found more abundantly in the studios of authors and artists than elsewhere.

She bore the intelligence better than I anticipated, when I broke it to her.

"Going to be a writer, are you, Willie? Well, it's a fortunate thing for you that Milly is not a 'tocherless lass wi' a laug pedigree,' that is all I can say."

"From the lowest point of view, the rewards of authorship are not contemptible," I said, grandiloquently.

"My dear boy, you must live," she replied good-humoredly; "and to live you must have money; therefore, I repeat that it's a good thing for you that Milly will have what she will have."

I said nothing in opposition to this sentiment to the exponent of it. But to Milly I spouted freely during the ensuing days those lines in which the Scottish cavalier descanted on the glories of honor and fidelity, and of how he would make his love "famous by his pen." Even as I was thus eloquent in my young enthusiasm, it seemed to me that, pretty as Milly's delicately-shod feet were, they were hardly the feet (if I had been a free agent still) I should have chosen out of all the world "to lay my wreath of laurel down" at. Perhaps, though, it would come to pass that as I climbed, so would she. It never occurred to me, when I started on my journey up Parnassus, that it was on the cards that I might never "deserve the bays, and only dread the duns."

I half frightened my betrothed, I believe, when at last I parted with her, and started on that career that was to lead to fortune and to fame, I was so vehement in my adjurations to her not to forget her allegiance to me for a single moment. "It would be derogatory to us both if you ever wavered for a moment, Milly," I told her; "such love as I have given to you deserves all the honor that a woman's entire faith and devotion can accord to it; you will blight my whole life, if you use me as a blind in any way. I shall know by intuition, if I am always first with you."

"Dear Willie, pray don't be jealous," she implored pathetically. "I am not given to flirting, am I? and besides I am not in the least changeable in disposition. Though I don't say as much as you do about it, I assure you our engagement is a very solemn thing to me."

"And you will watch my course anxiously, won't you? Give me that assurance; let me feel that, when my brain is over-tasked, one little heart is throbbing for fear that it may be so," I asked.

"Now don't be silly enough to overwork yourself, when there is no occasion for it, Willie," she said, sensibly; "and please don't distress yourself about me; you need not."

It was a tame assurance, but I was compelled to accept it, and to feign satisfaction with it, in default of a better. And then we parted; I to follow out my self-ordained career in London; she to spend a few weeks at Brighton with an old schoolfellow and young married friend of hers.

A matron friend of my mother's found lodgings for me in the house of a widow of limited means, out in one of the numerous shady groves that intersect the Westbourne-park region; and I began to work very hard at following out my plans. Getting on to a respectable daily paper was a work of much greater difficulty in reality than it had been in anticipation. And even when I gained a reading for some of my most brilliant paragraphs, scrubby men, with inky fingers very often and ill-brushed hair and clothes, sat in the seats of the scornful about me, and pronounced my efforts crude. They would tell me with the graceful ease that came from utter callousness to my sensitiveness, that my manner was "bald," or wanted "backbone and sinew," and that my "writing was not up to the mark required by their readers." It was no use my saying that I was one of their most fastidious readers, and that I was satisfied that my articles *had* the requisite backbone and sinew, and other attributes that were essential. For awhile they warred upon me as a Philistine who was striving to enter their tents for some nefarious purpose. And when at length I saw myself in type, it was at a rate of remuneration that did not enable me to say, with a certain gifted and accomplished wielder of the pen, that "I was treated like a gentleman, and paid like an ambassador."

Nevertheless, the realization of my dream seemed to have commenced, and when once I was launched on the ocean of literature, my little bark floated on it gallantly enough. I had been in town about four months, and was spending the well-earned fruits of some of my labors in some dry sherry and an exceptionally well-flavored cigar on the balcony outside my sitting-room window, one crisp November evening, when my sight and hearing was arrested by a sound and a spectacle.

I shall have failed—and moreover have on me the sense of having failed, which is even worse—if I have not made the readers of this brief memoir understand that I was at that time essentially an impressionable person. That foregone conclusion having been arrived at, the sequence follows—sounds that were sweet, and sights that were pleasant, overpowered me immediately. The sounds that I heard on this occasion, and the sight that I saw, caused me to quote poetry, in order that I might not be guilty of original declamation that would be a breach of fidelity to my betrothed. I put myself into a most uncomfortable position, in order to be able to gaze round the obstructing ornamental bars that divided my balcony from that of my neighbor, and repeated to myself Poe's lines:

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome."

I forgot all my earnest plodding designs towards a career; I forgot that sweet-faced, blue-eyed girl to whom I was engaged; I forgot everything, in short, that I ought to have remembered, as I let those lines of Edgar Allan Poe's rush through my mind, and looked at the girl who brought them to my memory.

She was only a girl—a girl grown out of young girlhood into that far more interesting womanhood which is to age what July is to the year. She was resting against one side of the window-sash, with a piece of music held up to the light of a lamp above her head in both her slim white hands. And she was singing; going through the ordeal of a lesson evidently, and some privileged professional ogre was accompanying her; for I heard a piano resounding to an assured touch, and a running commentary of criticism delivered from the interior of the room.

What a picture she made in the lamplight, that new neighbor of mine! The house had been empty ever since my tenancy of the adjoining lodgings, and now she had suddenly budded into being. What a picture she made! She stood in the full blaze of that trying lamp that blazed down upon her glorious head, and its radiance only made her more radiant, and its rays only formed a fitting glory for that head of wondrous beauty and real power.

A girl—a lady of middle height, at once stately and supple. The proportions of every other woman whom I had ever known seemed to be too sparse or too coarse, when regarded in the light of her more perfect ones. As she leant carelessly against the side of the window-panes, unconscious of my gaze, I had an opportunity of photographing her upon my memory.

She wore maroon velvet that evening, a dress of sweeping full maroon velvet, and about her neck some creamy-looking lace nestled softly. I had been accustomed to associate maroon velvet and creamy-looking lace with middle-age and fat; but my new neighbor, though far from being a sylph, was gracefully formed, and young, and dazzlingly beautiful, with a beauty that was novel to me—beautiful with the beauty of dreamy gray eyes and silken lashes, of a complexion so clearly painted with richer colors than I was in the habit of seeing, that my heart and imagination fell down before her at once, and owned themselves her slaves.

I watched the expression of her face. How intense it was! how full of fervor, and fire, and expression, and sympathy! She was in awe of somebody apparently; for now and again the red blood mounted to her brow, as she repeated passage after passage of that song that she was learning. At length she turned away from the window with a little gesture of impatient despair; and I was left alone with my cigar and dry sherry, and the recollection that I was engaged to Milly Methold.

The great majority have at some period or other of their existence howled, either in prose or verse, over the woe and agony of the forsaken; but really the one who forsakes is in need of quite as much pity. That quiet, little commonplace street that ran up from Westbourne-grove was the theatre of quite a dramatic struggle, and finally of a colossal sacrifice. I went through agonies in my endeavors to be faithful to the girl I had left behind me; but with that girl in maroon velvet before me, the battle was a hard one.

The story tells itself. She was a concert singer; a rising, hard-working, struggling concert singer, "with very few friends, and none on the press," she told me plaintively, when we became known to one another. And I—I was proud to declare myself a rising, struggling, hard-working author, in order that we might seem to have something in common, if it was only ill-luck.

There was nothing dark, or hazy, or even dubious about my new neighbor's antecedents. She lived alone simply because she had no friend in the world who could afford to live with her; and she was "on the boards" ready to display her beauty and her grace to any one who would give a paltry coin to see her, because her voice was the only merchandize she had, and "the boards" was the only marketable place for it. Poor girl! there was no harm about that maroon velvet either. She was obliged to dress well in public, and she could not afford a second set of inferior costumes in private. That was the reason of the seeming extravagance which caused many a Westbourne-grove matron, whose husband was contumacious on the question of velvet on the wife of his bosom, to shake the head of reprobation, not to say condemnation, at poor Kate Desmond.

She was an Irish girl, and she had all an Irish girl's frank fearlessness in her manner of living. There was that "wild sweetbriery fence" round her that "warns the touch while winning the sense, nor charms us least when it most repels." In short, she was a pure, brave girl, although she wore maroon velvet, and suffered from a seasonable dread of ghosts about Christmas-time.

It was to this last charming weakness of hers—that was more than a folly and less than a sin—that I owe our better acquaintance. Christmas-tide was fast approaching—grand old misrepresented Christmas, who does, despite modern cynicism, bring other things besides family feuds, and debts, and difficulties to the fore. Letters from home were warning me that I was due down where Milly Methold dwelt; and all the time I was, as it were, but living from hour to hour on the hope of hearing Kate Desmond's melting contralto voice, or seeing her marvelous Irish blue eyes! And I had made the good true Scottish ballad speak to Milly for me, and cautioned her with a luxuriance of caution against any flaw in her faith. I made a great effort. I told Miss Desmond that I was going away "for good," I called it, and determined to be "falsely true" to the woman—the well-endowed woman—whose promise I had won to be my wife.

I was alone one wretched December night, some few hours after having made this resolve. I had said good-by to her, and so set the seal to my good intent. But the recollection of the little lingering clasp her hand had given mine was upon me vividly now, as I sat there moodily; and it stirred my blood to a quicker flow, and made me think hard things of Milly. Next Christmas and all the Christmases to come that I might live to see, Kate and I should be strangers. But she would read whatever I wrote (in her sweet, warm way she had told me one day that she would do this,) and follow all the fluctuations of my literary fortunes with an interest that "only a woman who loved me could feel," I told myself with a spasm that was half-pride and half-sorrow; and I should be married to Milly, who never looked at the "stupid newspaper things" I wrote, and whose ambition on my behalf was bounded by the desire that I should produce a second Guy Livingstone!

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,"

is a comforting distich when one is considering the ungratified hopes and longings and desires of one's neighbor's and friends; but its soothing and calming influence is much weakened as soon as it is brought to bear on one's own case. I wanted more of Kate Desmond in my life most intensely, and my heart was bowed down with pain by the knowledge that I could not honorably ask her to give even one thought to me.

How hard I strove on that night to be loyal to Milly! She had been so good, and kind, and unexacting during the whole term of our separation. Her nicely written, neatly expressed, carefully worded letters were reassuring to the last degree. I had some of them spread out before me now, and I remember the increased aggravation of spirit I endured when I contemplated the unvarying curl of the tail of the r in "Rowley." I remember the qualm of conscience which immediately followed upon this, too; for while, under its influence, I was trying to resuscitate my love for Milly by looking at her photograph, there came a rush of wind and drapery into the room, and Kate Desmond hurled herself tumultuously through the unshuttered window.

"O, Mr. Rowley!" she began, pantingly and apologetically, "I'd be very sorry, but I'm frightened out of all sorrow; I have borne it alone till I can bear it no longer, and I just opened my window, and climbed the balcony bar, and ran in here. I have been a great goose," she added, abruptly; and then she drew a quick breath and said, I'll go back like a reasonable creature now."

I saw that her eyes were full of tears and that her face was pale, and I was justified in asking with tenderness if I could be of any use to her.

"No, no," she said, huddling her fur jacket closer around her; "only I have been sitting alone, you know—when I had a brother and sister about me—and the room got peopled with ghosts, and I grew frightened; my dear dead ones! they frightened me, and it seemed so dreadful that I should be frightened by them, that I broke the spell that was over me and ran in here."

"Only to cast it over me more potently than before," I muttered. And then I remembered myself and Milly, and tried to be a polite host and nothing more to the trembling beauty who had broken up my solitude and peace.

She was looking like a queen that night in her sweeping velvet dress, with the ermine

TOMBS IN INDIA.

The costliest and most beautiful tombs in the world are found in India. We give a picture of some of those in the city of Hydrabad. They stand in inclosed court-yards, among little gardens, and are pure white domes, surmounting elegant edifices, ornamented with many-colored tiles, which glitter in the sun.

Inside the graves the bodies lie under the centre of the dome, on a raised platform of carved marble. The inner sides of the tombs are richly ornamented, and much after the same style as the Alhambra of Grenada.

Many withered flowers, chiefly roses and jessamines, are scattered about the shrines and terraces, the smell of the decay of which mingles with that of incense such as is used in Roman Catholic churches.

On the glossy marble floors are generally seated some fakirs; singing out the Koran with a peculiar voice, for these are Mohammedan tombs. They sway to and fro as they read, as do Jews in a synagogue; and their unintelligible Arabic, in murmurs rising and falling, wander among the echoes of the fretted dome far above, till lost in the dark corners of the roof.

jacket hanging from her shoulders. It bewildered me to see her in my bachelor apartment, which was void of the faintest trace of anything feminine in its furniture and adornments. How well she would look in it always! How speedily she would have refined and purified it, if only she were free to stay! What an interest that chair, on the back of which she was lightly leaning her hand, would assume from this moment in my eyes! I let these thoughts flash through my mind, looking at her stupidly enough, I fear, the while, until the silence grew embarrassing. She broke it.

"So, this is where you work? And your writing-table is against our partition-wall; how my singing must disturb you! My piano shall travel to the farthest side of the room."

"Indeed, no," I said eagerly; "hearing your voice is the only happiness I have—"

"Two ladies to see you, Mr. Rowley," the voice of my landlady interrupted at this instant; and looking through the doorway, I saw the figures of Mrs. Methold and Milly advancing quickly.

They came sweeping in, with gentle words and smiles of greeting, a couple of admirably bred and dressed and mannered English women, bent on a mission of hospitality to a poor lonely fellow who was alone they thought, at this genial season of the year. And before the sound of their quiet, affectionate salutation to me had ceased to echo, they caught sight of my beautiful companion. And the sight froze them.

The tableau was a charming one from an artistic point. The lamplight fell impartially on every corner of the room, and Kate Desmond's golden hair glittered in it as she stood there gracefully, easily, looking from me to my visitors with a self-possession that came from her perfect unconsciousness of there being anything reprehensible in the situation. Opposite to her the dignified matron, and the shy stately blonde to whom I was pledged, stood waiting for an explanation; and I, in my guilty consciousness as regarded Kate, had none to give.

"Won't you introduce me to your friends, Mr. Rowley?" she said presently in that piquant accent of hers that caressed every vowel it touched; "tell them how I came to be here."

"We will spare you the trouble, Mr. Rowley," Mrs. Methold said haughtily. Then she gathered her daughter under her wing, as it were, and turned to leave the room. Then, and then only, did it occur to Kate that her presence was being misconstrued.

"And *I* will spare Mr. Rowley the trouble by taking it upon myself," she said, stepping forward and confronting them; "*I* will introduce myself. I am Kate Desmond, a concert-singer, to whom Mr. Rowley has been kind, as only men on the press can be kind to women like myself. I live in the next house; and being alone, and a little afraid of my solitude, I broke in upon his, little thinking that he was expecting friends in whose way I should be. You will forgive me?"

"Really, I hardly know—it is so extraordinary," Mrs. Methold began; but Milly interrupted her:

"We have nothing to forgive, Miss Desmond, but I will say something you will like better: *I believe you*;" and as she said it, Milly gave her hand to Kate, and I was nearer to loving the girl I was going to marry than I had ever been before. Her sweet confiding trustfulness and consideration moved me to make a confession that I ought to have made to Kate before.

"I will introduce you now," I said, going up to Milly. It had—all this scene that I have narrated—taken place so quickly, that I had not had time to approach her before; and taking the white warm hand that she held out to me, I linked it with Kate's, and said, "Miss Methold has done me the honor to promise to be my wife, and Miss Desmond has promised to be my friend; so there is a good basis for a mutual good understanding between you." Then my foolish speech being finished, I fell to wondering how women did it.

How could they do it, with the knife in their hearts?—for, in spite of that interchange of amicable sentences, the truth came home to me that those girls were each smiling to hide a pang. Poor Kate had the harder battle to fight; for she knew nothing of my engagement, and she had grown to feel rather more than friendly towards me, as I knew to my bitter sorrow. For Milly there was at any rate the comforting reflection that she was not in a false position. She was my affianced wife; she could afford to be generous to a rival as noble as she intuitively discovered Kate to be. Additionally, she was a young lady of position, immediately countenanced and protected by her mother; whereas Kate was, through her own acts, at the mercy of any shafts that might be let fly at her reputation. What wonder that my heart throbbed with pity that was far too much akin to love to be safe for my sweet neighbor!

The Methold had come up almost unpremeditatedly, in order that they might give me a "pleasant surprise," by inviting me to a dinner at the family hotel patronized by them, and to have a round of theatre-going. They meant to return to The Beeches on Christmas eve; and it was part of their programme that I should go back with them, "as amends for the shock we had when we came upon you so unexpectedly," Mrs. Methold said with assumed archness; and I accepted the invitation that was a command, and groaned in spirit for the shock I had received.

What a mockery the words "Merry Christmas and happy New Year," were to me just then! It seemed heartless of any one to wish me those good things during the three terrible days the Metholds spent in town. I never caught one glimpse of Kate; I never heard her rich, melodious voice, or the sound of her piano. Was she gone away? or was she ill? or was she sad? This last possibility thrilled me with emotions I had never known before.

As the hour of our departure drew near, I grew desperate. I recalled all that I had said to Milly about the nobleness of an undefiled faith, and my heart smote me. What right had I to keep the word of promise to the ear in this way? Milly Methold was giving me the pure gold of an untarnished, if not very passionate affection, and I was coining forward with a false promissory note! I could not bear to look the girl in the face, unsuspicious as she was; still less could I endure to hear her praise and admire Miss Desmond.

"When we are married, we'll ask her to stay with us, Willie; she is so lovely, I should like to make a friend of her."

This, and similar speeches Milly would utter, goading me almost to madness. I had to smirk in answer to them, and affect to feel delighted and rather grateful than otherwise.

I don't know how it would have ended, if this conflict between love and duty had not broken me down. I became very ill and unable to travel; and so the Metholds had to leave me, and go down to The Beeches alone on the night of Christmas eve. They were sorry, but resigned; and when the medical man I had called in hinted at fever, Mrs. Methold was very glad to get away.

The next day I was much worse; and just about the time when my people at home, and my future wife's family, were dining and enjoying themselves, my room had to be darkened and my head bound up. In fact, I was delirious and in danger.

In spite of my danger, in spite of my delirium, I soon became semi-conscious that a woman's voice, softer and sweeter than woman's voice had ever sounded in my ear before, was issuing directions in my sick room. Farther, a woman's hand—a warm, strong, firm, loving little hand—smoothed my pillow and touched my brow with a touch that was the soul of tenderness. The first words I made sense of were uttered in that voice whose sound had been so dear to me during my hours of darkness.

"No, poor fellow," it said; "I'm neither his sister nor his cousin, doctor, nor am I the nearer and dearer one you more than half suspected me to be when you found me here first. I'm only his neighbor."

"You're risking your life—do you know that?" he asked.

"Ah, well," she said, with that Irish shrug of the shoulders that only an Irishwoman can give; "ah, well—it's only my life!"

"That's a good deal to risk for *only a neighbor*," he said dryly; and she gave a little brief sigh, and just repeated those words, "Ah, well!"

Ah, well! Need I write another line in order to tell the story? By the following Christmas I had written a novel that did not resemble *Guy Livingstone*, but that still obtained a very fair meed of attention from the critics. My wife gloats over each favorable review, and does not quite understand why I "will kill the poor girl who so much resembles that good, kind Miss Desmond, who nursed you through your fever, and then died of it. I am so glad I was never jealous of her, Willie. Mamma tried hard to make me so," Milly says, with tender tears in her eyes. And I am glad, too, that no touch of petty jealousy comes between us, on account of the glorious vision of my young manhood who gave "only her life" for me.

I do not think that I make Milly the worse husband for that past experience. She knows nothing of the struggle that went on in my mind; she never dreams that I was nearly surrendering her—that I should have surrendered her if Kate had lived. She is as ignorant as the majority of women happily are of the other forms that are enshrined in their husband's hearts. And I love her and reverence her as my good, faithful, wholehearted wife deserves to be loved and reverenced; and I am happy and grateful for her, and glad of her. But just at this time of year I have memories of that plain little bachelor's room of mine in the Westbourne grove district, and of how it was irradiated one night by the presence of my new neighbor. And I look at the gracious fair sweet woman who is the mother of my children, and find myself asking, "How would it have been if *she* had lived?" But as "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," perhaps it is just as well that there is none to answer me.

☞ Advice to fish-eaters—Deal gently with the herring.

☞ Hippopotamus don't like horse-clipping by machinery; so he says that when he wants "old Mahogany mowed, he will do it himself, with his own lawn-cutter."

☞ A Western editor remarks that the thermometer stolen from his office will be of no use where the thief is going, as it doesn't mark higher than 312 degrees.

☞ Juvenile New York drives four-in-hand teams of goats.

☞ She who can compose a cross baby is greater than she who composes books.

☞ The Lafayette Courier announces that its "fighting editor has gone into winter quarters."

☞ One of the results of the German Arctic exploring expedition is the discovery of immense coal beds in the north of Greenland. Mountains exceeding Mont Blanc in height were discovered, and the botanical specimens found indicate that Greenland must have been covered at one time with a rich vegetation.

☞ An editor out West says he is so short-sighted that he frequently rubs out with his nose what he writes with his pencil.

☞ Tom Thumb is in India.

☞ "Are you the mate?" said a passenger to the Irish cook of a vessel. "No," answered Pat, "but I'm the boy that boils the MATE!"

☞ In Natchez the police wear red hats.

☞ His Boston agent says that Koopmanschap has entirely given up for the present the idea of attempting to get China men or China women to come east and take places in families. They will not come except in colonies, as at North Adams. Many applications have been made by manufacturers for supplies of Chinese, but none have been willing to advance the $7,000 in gold necessary to bring a hundred of them hither.

☞ Cabbages are said to act on the brain. On the principle, may be, that one head affects another.

☞ A little boy who went to church was cautioned to remember the text, which was: "Why stand ye all the day idle? Go into my vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee." Johnny came home and was asked to repeat the text. He thought over it awhile, and then cried out: "What d'ye stand round here doing nuffin for; go into my barnyard and work, I'll make it all right with you."

☞ Some of the questions proposed for discussion at a meeting of a Western debating club were these: "Is dansin' moralie rong?" "Is it necessary that femails shud receeve a thurro literary educassion?" "Ort femails to take part in polytix?"

☞ "Cash advances"—Courting a rich widow.

☞ Eugenie is about to move to Cassel—Queen to King's Cassel—to be near her mate.

☞ A certain New York paper has had an obituary notice of Santa Anna in type for sixty-five years, and now the old man is just talking of going to war with Juarez, to conquer Mexico.

☞ The wife of a *litterateur* in this city thinks it very nice to have an author for a husband. Whenever she feels restless he reads her something he has written, and in a few minutes she is in a profound and refreshing sleep.

☞ Fruit for balloonists—Currants in the air.

The Children's Secret.

"But mind, it is to be a secret."

"Oh yes! it would never do to tell any one."

"But would that be right?"

"Of course it would. Don't you see that if papa heard about it he might forbid us to go? But if he knows nothing of our plan, he can't forbid us to carry it out, and we shall be quite justified in doing what we like."

The utterer of this rather doubtful piece of morality was Reginald Tracy, a tall, handsome boy of twelve, with a broad open brow, mischievous dark eyes, and an unbounded influence over the small audience, consisting of his sister Kate, a year younger than himself, his brother Frank, and little Nellie—to whom he had just proposed an enterprise of enchanting adventure.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy had taken lodgings for the summer holidays near the sea-side, and Reginald, in rambling over the ruins of an old castle not far from the sea-shore, had discovered under a heap of stones and other rubbish a trap-door, which, after sundry vigorous tugs, he had succeeded in opening. Narrow, winding stairs, leading under ground, had then disclosed themselves.

"I wonder where the passage leads to," said Kate, meditatively.

"I will tell you," said Frank, a precocious urchin of eight years old, deep in old-world lore; "it leads to the hall of treasure, and is guarded by a griffin with an enchanted sword."

Reginald and Kate laughed; they were accustomed to Frank's romances.

The precocious little student had often been discovered in their father's library, curled up in the largest arm-chair in the room, his chin supported on his tiny hands, his elbows propped upon his knees, wrinkling his brow over a ponderous folio not much smaller than himself.

"I will tell you," said Frank again, nowise daunted by the laugh, "there was once a beautiful lady—"

And Frank began to "spin his yarn," as Reginald called it, and a marvellous romance it was, containing all the impossibilities of which he had ever read in the olden legends, connected in a hazy but imposing way with the fortunes of his hero and heroine.

As the children were going up-stairs that night, Reginald whispered to Kate, "Papa and mamma are going to spend the day at General Harman's to-morrow, and we can explore the mystery of the underground passage."

Kate squeezed her brother's hand in reply, and went to bed, where she dreamed of the hall of treasure till morning.

"We are going down to the sea-shore, nurse," cried Reginald, bursting into the nursery as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Tracy had started for their visit. "Come along, Kate; come, Frank."

"If you are going to the shore, Master Reginald," said the pleasant voice of Nurse Turner, who had been in the family since Reginald was a baby, "will you please take Miss Nellie with you? I have got some work to do for your mamma, and can't well take her out myself."

"Oh, bother!" said Reginald, extremely disgusted at this unlooked-for addition to the party.

"For shame, sir!" exclaimed nurse, indignantly, but she was interrupted by little Nellie.

"Oh, *pease* take me, Reggie," she cried, toddling forward with an eagerness that nearly overbalanced her; "I'll be *so* dood."

"Do let her come," whispered Kate, entreatingly, moved by her pleading face; "we can easily carry her if she gets tired; she is as light as a feather."

"Very well," said Reginald, rather ungraciously; "only don't be an hour putting on her hat."

"You will take care she don't go into no danger, sir," said nurse, a little suspiciously, as she yielded the little girl into his charge; "you know how the master said as he left the children in your care."

"All right," said the boy, impatiently, silencing the slight qualm of conscience caused by this repetition of his father's parting words with the reflection that there *could* be no harm in what they were going to do.

"What a sell!" grumbled Reggie, as soon as they were alone; "we are sure to have lots of climbing, and what are we to do with her then?"

"Never mind," said Kate, good-naturedly, "we can help her over any difficult places, and I am sure she will enjoy it, won't you, Nellie?"

"Es," said the little thing, confidently, as she trotted along by their side, swinging Kate's hand to and fro in high glee.

She had not the slightest idea of what she was assenting to, but was quite sure that to go anywhere with her "big brother" and sister must be supremely delightful.

"Here we are!" cried Reginald, at last. "Help me to clear away these stones, Frank. I thought I had better cover over the trap-door again for fear some one else should find it. Now, Kate, if you will lift Nellie on to my back, I will take care of her. Put your arms round my neck, little one, and mind you hold fast. Oh! keep still, youngster, or you will be off!" for Miss Nellie, after nearly throttling her brother with her fat little arms in the first instance, had next proceeded to testify her satisfaction with her position by jumping up and down on his back, and drumming on his shoulder with her small fists.

Reginald was excited and important, and spoke very fast and authoritatively.

"I will go first with the light, and you can bring up the rear, Frank. You had better tuck up your dress, Kate; you girls are so afraid of soiling your clothes, and these steps aren't particularly clean."

Kate made a grimace as she looked down into the dark, uninviting hole; but she was accustomed to follow Reggie's lead, wherever that erratic young gentleman might choose to conduct her, so she tucked up her dress and prepared to obey his orders without remonstrance. Frank followed, with a solemn look of expectation on his old-fashioned face that provoked Kate's mirth.

"I wonder if he really expects to see a griffin," she whispered to Reggie, with a quiet laugh of amused curiosity.

No one knew how far he believed in his own romances; and Master Frank was not in the habit of giving any one a clue to his thoughts.

Reginald did not reply; the stairs were dark, steep, and winding—broken, too, in many places, and entailing a careful picking of steps; with Nellie on his back, and the light in his hand, he was too thoroughly occupied for idle remarks.

The descent was at length accomplished, and the children stood still awhile to recover breath and accustom their eyes to the gloom. The darkness and the utter silence, broken only by the drip, drip of the cold, dank moisture from above, awed them, and involuntarily they spoke in whispers.

The passage seemed to have been hewn out of the rocks, and in many places rude pillars were left to support the roof. In old days it had been used for victualling the castle in time of siege, having an outlet on the sea. Once, tradition said, a traitor had by its means introduced the enemy into the very centre of the astonished garrison, thus effecting by stratagem what force had been unable to accomplish. But this was long ago; few now remembered the existence of the secret passage, and the castle, reputed to be haunted, was avoided by the country people even in the day-time.

"Now for our exploration!" exclaimed Reginald, starting up, and shaking off with a visible effort the feeling of awe that had impressed even his bold spirits.

"Keep close to me, all of you, and look out where you go."

Once in motion, they soon recovered their wonted spirits, and, by a natural reaction, became almost extravagantly gay, singing catches as they tramped over the rough stones, shouting to try the echo, and talking and laughing at the top of their voices.

"I say, Reggie," said Kate, in some alarm, after they had proceeded about half a mile, "shall you know the way back? There have been so many turns and windings that I feel quite puzzled."

"It's all right," replied her brother, cheerily; "I have a bit of chalk in my hand, and have marked the turns as we went along. The passage seems widening here. We shall come to your hall of treasure soon, Frank. Hullo—"

He had stumbled against an unexpected angle while turning his head to speak to his brother, and, in the effort he made to regain his balance, the candle fell from his hand, hissed and spluttered in a pool of water, and they were left in total darkness.

Little Nellie broke into a low, sobbing wail, and Kate felt the blood leave her cheeks and lips.

"No need for alarm," said Reggie, with an attempt at a laugh; "Frank has another candle. Hand it over here, old boy."

"Here it is," said Frank, in his usual cool, methodical voice; "but you didn't give me the matches; I suppose you have them."

"Of course," said his brother, sharply; but, in spite of himself, his voice trembled a little. A sudden misgiving seized him, and he turned out his pockets with hands that shook in their eagerness. The search was unavailing; the match-box was nowhere to be found.

"Kate! Frank!" he exclaimed, in a tone that he in vain attempted to render steady, "if you have been playing me a trick, don't keep it up any longer; this is no time for fun. Have you hidden the matches?"

"You know we have not," said Kate, sadly.

He knew it only too well. "I must have dropped the box out of my pocket," he said, biting his lips to keep back a groan as the thought of their danger broke irresistibly upon him; "if we feel about a little we may find them."

A vain hope, as a few minutes of unsuccessful groping on their hands and knees convinced them. Their next move was to endeavor to retrace their steps; but the turns and windings by which they had come were innumerable. In their search for the matches they had strayed from the place they were in when the candle was extinguished. In the total darkness they knew not whether they were advancing or receding, and after an hour's fruitless wandering, during which they stumbled blindly over rough stones and bruised themselves against sharp angles and corners, they were forced to desist from sheer weariness and inability to proceed.

Reginald sank despairingly on the ground and buried his head in his arms. Kate took little Nellie, who was sobbing bitterly with fright and fatigue, on her lap, and tried to hush her to sleep. Frank leaned moodily against a pillar and reflected. That small philosopher took the matter more coolly than any of them; he had neither the keen self-reproach of Reginald, nor Kate's tender-hearted anxiety for little Nellie; moreover, he had a comfortable theory that everything came right in the end, and had no doubt they would get out of their present predicament *somehow*.

"I say, Reggie," he said abruptly, "don't you think papa will send in search of us when he comes back from General Harman's, and finds us gone?"

"How can he," replied Reginald, impatiently, "when no one at home knows where we went? He'll think we are drowned in the sea, most likely."

Reginald spoke savagely, to hide the misery he really felt. It angered him to hear Frank coolly discussing chances that he had already turned over in his brain a thousand times, and dismissed as hopeless.

"But when they see the trap-door open they might guess," persisted Frank, in his quiet, pertinacious way.

"As if you did not know as well as I do that not a soul ever goes near the castle if he can help it; so how should they see the trap-door? Don't be a goose, Frank!" retorted his brother.

Frank grunted and relapsed into silence. Even his slow brain was beginning to take in the extent of their danger, and the prospect was not agreeable. As for Kate—gentle, loving Kate—she groaned inwardly as she thought of her mother's face of anguish when she should be met by the tidings that her children were missing. Perhaps it was the remembrance of her mother that suggested the thought which prompted her next words.

"Reggie," she whispered, sliding her fingers into his cold, damp hand, "shall we pray for help?"

"*You* may," said Reginald, despairingly; but when Kate knelt down, and folding her hands together, began to say, "Our Father which art in Heaven," involuntarily he, too, assumed the same reverent posture and joined in the prayer. Never before had he said so heartily, "deliver us from evil," or felt so keenly the force of the words, "lead us not into temptation."

They all felt a little comforted after this simple act of devotion, and remained silent for some time, till a wailing cry from Nellie that she was "*so* hungry," woke them afresh to the reality of their position.

None of them could ever very well remember how they spent the rest of that day. Sometimes they stumbled blindly on seeking for an outlet; sometimes they crouched on the ground in despair; but their after memories were all hazy and indistinct like the recollections of some hideous nightmare.

Kate was scarcely conscious of the gnawings of hunger which had tormented her so cruelly during the earlier part of the day; nor of Nellie, who was lying on her lap moaning in uneasy slumber. A cold numbness was stealing over her, and she was wondering vaguely if this was death, when from afar a faint glimmer fell on Reggie's aching eyeballs, and he heard the echo of distant shouts.

"Kate! Kate!" he exclaimed, with a great cry that rang strangely through the echoing cavern, "we are saved!"

Then springing forward, "Hullo!" he shouted, with all the strength of rekindled hope, and "Hullo!" was echoed back by friendly voices.

Frank and Reginald now kept up a succession of shouts till their rescuers were guided to the place where they were. Foremost was Mr. Tracy, pale and agitated.

Kate threw herself into his arms with a burst of hysterical weeping.

"My poor darling!" he exclaimed, pressing her passionately in his embrace. "Boy," he added, turning to Reginald with momentary sternness in tone and aspect, "your mother has suffered terribly."

But at the sight of Reginald's haggard cheeks and bloodshot eyes the father's face softened, and he laid his hand with a gesture of forgiveness on the boy's shoulder.

"I thought my children were lost to me forever," he said, in a tone of deep though stilled emotion, that struck a keener pang of self-reproach to Reginald's heart than any he had yet felt. He had never realized before how much his father loved them.

Frank was the first who felt sufficient curiosity to ask by what clue they had been discovered.

"We found this," said Mr. Tracy, holding up a little silk neckerchief of Kate's "not far from the castle, which first gave me the idea that you might be here. Once we saw the open trap-door and the flight of steps, our task was easy; but I shall never forget my throb of thankfulness when Reggie's answering shout assured me you were yet alive."

"Papa," said Reginald, when the rest of the unfortunate little adventurers were safely stowed away in their warm beds, "it was all my fault. I led the others into it; but indeed, indeed I never meant to cause so much sorrow."

"You have had a useful lesson, Reginald, on the danger of following your own way, and the troubles that may result from want *of thought*. I think," he added with a smile, "that another time you will not be so anxious for the honor of a secret."

"No, indeed," said Reggie, heartily; "I have had enough of secrets for the rest of my life." M. L. B. K.

☞ Stages run so slow in some parts of Vermont that the chickens roost on the axles.

☞ The artists of Paris have been really sufferers by the war. Six or seven painters and sculptors have been killed, and at least thirty wounded.

☞ The doctrine which places the limit of animal life in the ocean at the depth of three hundred fathoms has been very thoroughly disproved by recent investigations. Living inhabitants of the sea were recently found at the depth of three miles.

☞ The number of horses killed daily to feed Paris was lately 650.

☞ A California tree, seventy-two feet in circumference, is on exhibition in Chicago.

☞ According to Hawthorne, the games of the children of the early New England Puritans were of a rather gloomy character. He says, "The children of the settlement, on the grassy margin of the street, or at the domestic thresholds, disported themselves in such grim fashion as the Puritanic nurture would permit; playing at going to church, perchance; or at scourging Quakers; or taking scalps in a sham-fight with the Indians; or scaring one another with frenzy of imitative witchcraft."

☞ It is estimated that the cost of the present European war for sixty days would build another Pacific Railroad, and the metal in the munitions of war destroyed would yield iron enough for the rails.

☞ THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.—There is a prevalent idea that the Alabama claims amount to an enormous sum; but it is not so, as sums are judged in these days of loose and heavy expenditures. The claims as they are now filed, in a rough state, amount to about fifteen millions of dollars; but when examined, and certified as they require to be, the aggregate, as claimed, may be reduced one-half.

☞ A sharp young woman says there is nothing more touching in this life than to see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with a weak moustache.

☞ The grand, and indeed the only character of Truth, is its capability of enduring the test of universal experience, and coming unchanged out of every possible form of fair discussion.—*Sir John Herschel.*

☞ The Chicago city directory for 1870-71 contains the names of 957 Smiths.

☞ The drinking places in Terre Haute are said to outnumber all other business houses.

☞ Discrimination between Caucasian and Mongolian vagabonds is made at San Francisco, where, at the county jail, the former are allowed to play at cards, read lives of great highwaymen, and otherwise amuse themselves in their cells, while the Chinese are compelled to labor on the public works; and this, too, although the former, being idle beggars, were sentenced to hard labor, and the latter were not so sentenced. "John" is under a cloud.

☞ A dangerous character—a man who takes life cheerfully.

☞ Defective flues caused the destruction of sixteen houses in Iowa during January.

☞ To do to others as we would have them do to us is simple justice, though we fancy it is vast benevolence. Hence Confucius' grand maxim: Humanity is the equality of the heart.

☞ When will talkers refrain from evil speaking? When listeners refrain from evil hearing.

☞ A contemporary says:—"Congress is always more virtuous in debate than on the call of the yeas and nays."

☞ "Strange that the prisoner on trial for his life should appear in court with such a smooth countenance," exclaimed Jones. "Oh, he was ironed just before he came in," explained Jinks.

☞ "Well, there is something in that!" as the man said when he tried to put his boot on with a kitten in it.

☞ "I like to see the dear little creatures amusing themselves," said Mrs. Brown, when her elder boy took the visitor's new bonnet and affixed it to the tail of his kite. "Never fear," said the good matron to her visitor, when she saw her bonnet in the air; "as soon as the kite comes down he will give it to you."

The Opera in Berlin.

In all essential points the Opera in Berlin far surpasses even the traditional glories of the Grand Opera in Paris. The natural voices of the leading performers are quite as fine as those of the French singers, while their artistic training is even superior, and the chorus and orchestra are simply unapproachable in size, training, and general perfection. All the details of costume and scenery are worthy of study, so minutely have they been elaborated and so careful has been the supervision bestowed upon them. The *mise en scene* of such operas as the Huguenots, the Prophete or William Tell, presents not only a gorgeous and effective stage spectacle, but a correct historical picture. Scene-painting and stage-costuming seem to be considered in Berlin as belonging to the fine arts, and to be treated accordingly.

Let us take, for example, one of the best-known operas on the modern stage—Faust. As it was first produced in Berlin, every scene was worthy of careful study, and was exquisite in artistic beauty. The morning light streaming through the lattice of Faust's desolate room, the vision of Marguerite's innocent loveliness, the bustle and crowd of the Kermesse, with its gay booths, noisy shows, and animated spectators, were each incomparable in its way. Next came the garden scene, bathed in the golden and rose-hued light of a summer sunset. Gradually, as the scene proceeded, the rosy radiance faded away, and a cold gray twilight stole over the trees and flowers and the distant spires and buildings of the city seen beyond the garden walls. Twilight deepened into night, the sky darkened into a dusky, shadowy blue, the stars came forth one by one, and at last the moon rose, and the curtain fell on the embrace of Faust and Marguerite under a silvery moonlight that flooded the whole scene with so intense and real a lustre that, looking at the shining light and dark shadows, it was almost impossible to realize that Art and not Nature was the source of the brightness that illumined the stage.

The cathedral scene was equally beautiful, and even more impressive. The stage represented the interior of a vast Gothic cathedral crowded with worshippers, while far in the distance blazed the lights of the altar, and white-robed priests moved to and fro amid clouds of incense and the grand swelling harmonies of the organ. Behind the altar rose a vast window of brilliantly-hued stained glasses: one of the upper divisions was open, and through this opening were visible the starry sky and the full moon, whose silvery splendor contrasted wondrously with the golden lustre of the lighted candles. In the foreground knelt Marguerite, weeping, remorseful, despairing, while ever and anon the pillar at her side became intensely luminous and transparent, and the mocking face of Mephistopheles peered forth. In this scene Pauline Lucca surpasses her soft-eyed Swedish rival, though we doubt if the passionate intensity of her acting is as true to Goethe's original delineation as is the crushed, and hopelessness of Marguerite of Christine Nilsson.

The Walpurgis Night, though less poetic, was the most splendid of all the scenic effects which so charmed us. The scene was not transversely, so as to give the idea of illimitable distance, and it represented a gorgeous Eastern palace, through whose arched windows could be seen the glowing atmosphere and luxuriant vegetation of a tropical landscape, while crowds of bright-robed dancing-girls hovered around Faust or in the back-ground, came and went, and floated to and fro to the pulses and pauses of the music. Suddenly, Faust called upon the name of Marguerite, and in an instant the splendid pageant vanished, and before us rose the dark, cold summit of the Blocksberg, with an unseen moon behind it lighting the heavens with unearthly radiance. And then along the side of the mountain glided a white form with unmoving feet and stony eyes, and a ghastly scarlet ring around the slender throat. Gounod was forgotten, and the influence of Goethe's genius reigned supreme.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Audacious Robbery.

The Kensington Bank of this city was robbed on the night of the 2d. Two men, professing to be connected with the police called about five o'clock P. M., and notified the cashier that there were suspicious men about. The cashier left the bank soon after, instructing one of the private watchmen (Holmes) of whom they were two, "Let no man into the bank, and if any one attempts to enter shoot him down." The other watchman, Morris Murphy, reached the bank about 6 o'clock, and between 7 and 8 o'clock a knock was again heard at the door, and the name of Holmes was called. The door was opened cautiously, and the watchman named discovered the man who had been there a few hours previously, and given the caution, with two others. "I called to see how you were getting on," he said, and passed through the half-opened door followed by his companions, no suspicion whatever being entertained of their honesty of purpose. The one in the policeman's coat did the talking, and he told watchman Holmes that as he and his friends were there they might as well remain a little while, for he had no doubt an attempt would be made to break into the bank. Seats were provided for the strangers, and the conversation naturally turned to robberies, and bank depredations in particular.

Questions were asked as to how the bank was fastened, the security of the vault and safe, and the means of defence provided in case of an attempt to break in, &c. All the questions were answered, and the strangers were told how many pistols were in the building, and were informed also that there was a loaded gun in one of the closets, to be used in case of emergency. The pistols lying on a table were pointed out, and the place of concealment of the gun also. After sitting conversing for half an hour or so, one of the strangers said, "By-the-way, as we came down the street we passed a couple of suspicious-looking characters, and if you (referring to Morris Murphy) will go with me as far as the next corner we may meet them or see what they are doing." Still not suspicious of anything wrong, the watchman agreed to go, and they left the bank together, the two others remaining with watchman Holmes.

The conversation between the three was continued for a few minutes, when one of the strangers asked for a drink, and the watchman said he would get some water. He at once proceeded to the rear of the building where the hydrant is, turned his back to the men who had followed him, and that moment he was grasped by both arms from behind, a stout piece of rope forced into his mouth to prevent him from making a noise, and it was tied back of his head. A struggle ensued, and Holmes, who, though somewhat advanced in years, is yet quite vigorous, resisted to the utmost. He was finally tripped down upon the floor, when his feet were tied, and what the thieves sometimes call darbies put on his wrists. Murphy, upon returning, was treated in the same manner.

The thieves then proceeded to their work. The robbers succeeded in forcing off the door of the vault, which is about the centre of the lower floor, and is ten feet by eight, having walls twenty inches in thickness. The outer door is made of a single plate of heavy iron, and to break this from its fastenings the most powerful burglars' tools were used. Besides a twelve pound sledge-hammer, faced with steel, the thieves were provided with a jointed crowbar, and a large number of steel wedges. A second door had to be removed as the outer one had been, and this was accomplished with less labor. Being out of the way, the place in which the valuables of special depositors are kept was reached, and the boxes containing them were broken open, and a selection made of their contents.

A vigorous effort was then made to reach the funds of the bank which were in a fire and burglar-proof safe in the vault. This, however, resisted all attempts to break open the door. Though provided with a flask of powder and fuse for blowing open the doors of the safe, the rascals were evidently afraid to use them. What amount, in money and bonds, was carried off, could not be ascertained, but it is, doubtless, very large. Among the sufferers was Mr. David Scull, who lost bonds to the value in all of $29,000, for the recovery of which he offers a reward of $5,000; they are Five-twenties, not registered. The other sufferers are reported to be Messrs. Rowland & Erwin, $6,000; J. G. Ulmer, amount not stated, and Mrs. Russell, $14,000.

One of the officers of the Bank lost bonds to the value of $2,500, and a woman, in very humble circumstances, a $500 bond. The total loss is estimated by Mr. Yerkes, the President of the Bank, at about $75,000.

☞ Various rumors have been circulated in the newspapers which do not reflect much honor on the husband of Jenny Lind. It has been reported that he was intemperate, extravagant, and that she had been forced to separate from him, and exert herself for her own support. This is now all contradicted by an anonymous lady, who says she has recently returned from England, and has had an opportunity of knowing the facts in the case. She assures the public that a happier and better matched pair can scarcely be found in England—that they reside near London in elegant style, surrounded by all the comforts of life.

☞ California is complaining of the great change in her delightful climate, saying that her summers are becoming hot and dry, and the extremes in temperature much more marked. Her journals attribute it to the loss of much of her forests—and rightly. In Egypt they had no rain. A number of years past, in a certain section, forest trees were planted and reared. As they came to maturity rain began to fall where it had never been known before. "Woodmen, spare those trees," if you want your children to have good crops.

☞ Frere Hyacinth proposes another visit to America.

☞ Greenland got the news of a probable outbreak of hostilities between France and Prussia by the visit of an American ship, September 13, and unless by accident, will hear nothing further of the war until next summer.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Difference.

A very clear illustration of the distinction between strength of will and strength of mind was once given by a gay young fellow who probably had never read a page of metaphysics in his life. This young gentleman whose friends called him Bob for shortness, was of an exceedingly nervous temperament, and an unusual indulgence in wine was sure to leave him in a shaky and unhappy condition. Bob had a consequential acquaintance named Waffles, who was gifted with the absorbing qualities of a sponge, and who, although in the habit of drinking much more freely than Bob, was never known to exhibit any signs of inebriety. One morning Waffles called upon his friend, whom he found seated upon the stool of repentance, with a wet towel bound round his head, and several empty soda bottles by his side, and, shocked at the sight, he began to moralize.

"So you were tight again, last night, eh?" said Waffles. "Now, why don't you do as I do? When I have drunk enough, I stop. You should have more strength of mind, and imitate me."

"Strength of mind?" snarled Bob, who, nervous and irritable, had very little disposition to submit to a temperance lecture from such a source; "what the deuse has strength of mind to do with it? Strength of will, you mean."

"Well," quoth Waffles, "what is the difference?"

"I'll tell you the difference," retorted Bob, vindictively; "brutes have no mind at all, but a jackass has more strength of will than any being that breathes."

Daring Deeds.

It is a very courageous thing to go down stairs at one in the morning when there are thieves in the house.

It is a very courageous thing to walk on a dark road alone, at night, in a garroting neighborhood.

It is a very courageous thing to try to separate husband and wife when they are fighting in the street.

It is a very courageous thing to encounter your tailor when you owe him a heavy bill.

It it a very courageous thing to meet a lady for the first time after she has jilted you.

It is a very courageous thing to tell a mother that her baby is ugly.

It is a very courageous thing to oppose the wishes of your wife and your wife's mother.

It is a very courageous thing to face a mad bull.

But perhaps the most courageous thing of all is to break the ice for bathing at five o'clock in the morning this weather.

A New Catechism.

Whom did Adam marry, and when did he marry her? One *Eve*.

What was her bridal dress? Barely nothing.

Not even a ribbon? No, she had no need of one; she was a *rib bone* herself.

When Adam and Eve where in the gardening business, what time did they commence picking apples? In the *Fall*.

What was the first step they took in the sugar business? Raising *Cain*.

Why did not Cain make good sugar? Because he wasn't *Abel*.

Who was the wisest man? *Knower* (Noah.)

What did he know? He knew enough to go in out of the rain.

THE RULING PASSION.—Most of us have witnessed at funerals scenes that were anything but funereal. A lady in Elmira mentions a touching instance of the proprieties in a good woman of that place at the funeral of her husband. Just before the sexton was about to screw down the coffin-lid the anguished widow came forward and said: "Wait a minute; let me dust George off!" and, taking a cloth, coolly dusted off the face of the defunct, and then dusted off the coffin; after which, as an old ballad hath it:

"The corpse with care were borne away,
To mingle with its na-tive clay,
-gle with its na-tive clay."

A LANDLORD'S OPINION.—In the new English edition of Charles Lamb's writings, is a funny anecdote of Wordsworth. The person with whom the Lambs boarded at Enfield, charged one shilling extra when they had a friend to dinner; but when Wordsworth was the guest, he charged one-and-sixpence. Lamb remonstrated, saying, "He's a great poet." "Don't know about the great poet," replied the practical landlord, "but he eats a great lot."

Table Conversation.

A great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and, therefore, instead of swallowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, social and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation, any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table, the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an educator of the family. Hence the intelligence, and the refinement, and the appropriate behavior of a family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact that company and conversation are no small part of education!

Giving Credit.

An enterprising and fair-dealing business man in Augusta, Maine, was lately met at the door of his grocery by an honest-looking Frenchman, an entire stranger to him, who asked credit for a barrel of flour. "I can pay half ze cash down and ze balance next Saturday, sure." The merchant, without hesitation, turned to one of his clerks, and, with a kindly smile upon the would-be owner of the barrel of flour, said:—"This good man wants to get trusted for a barrel of flour; he'll pay half down and the rest next Saturday. I'll *risk* him; he's *good as gold;* open a *fresh* barrel, weigh out half, deliver it in good shape at his house, put the barrel away safely, and take it down *next* Saturday when he pays the balance; *never* refuse to trust an honest-looking man for *bread*." It was done; the money paid, and the French gentleman departed rejoicing in an abundance of flour and unlimited (?) credit.

DESPERATE CASE!

M. A. (endeavoring to instill Euclid into the mind of Private Pupil going into the army.)—"Now, if the three sides of this triangle are all equal, what will happen?"

PUPIL (confidently.)—"Well, sir, I should say the fourth would be equal, too!"

The First of the Credit System.

The first occasion on which we hear of an organized system of credit is when Joseph mortgaged the cattle, lands, and even the persons of all the Egyptian people, in order to pay for the corn he supplied them from the state granaries. The end of the seven years' famine found the Egyptians not only paupers, but bondsmen, sowing Pharaoh's corn on Pharaoh's land, and compelled to pay for the privilege of doing it twenty per cent. of the crop to Pharaoh's treasury for ever without equity of redemption. The Egyptians had had no previous experience of Jews. Excepting Abraham, a quiet, inoffensive old patriarch, who came to Egypt because he was hungry—and *he* got Pharaoh into trouble—they had never even seen a Jew before. It is therefore highly probable that a remembrance of Joseph's fiscal policy whilst chancellor of their exchequer, contributed in no small degree to the severity with which they afterwards ground down and oppressed the children of Israel. But the fact especially noticeable about the introduction of credit is this—bankruptcy and credit came in together; Joseph left Egypt a nation of bankrupts. And ever since that time, bound together by an indissoluble bond of union (*bonds*, in fact, of bills and promissory-notes,) those Siamese twins, Bankruptcy and Credit, have gone on thriving together, and will go on to thrive, until *one* of the twain gets his death-blow, it matters not which; then the other will immediately die a natural death.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A Singular Fact.

A Lower California correspondent of the Siglo XIX., of Mexico City, gives the following interesting particulars of a vessel found upon dry land, and miles away from the sea, it being a mystery worthy of solution by savans, how and when she got into her present location:—"In the bed of a dry and ancient lake, some one hundred and twenty miles from the mouth of the Colorado River and ninety-three from the Pacific coast, at a point of the desert equi-distant from Los Palmas and Martinez, and lying upon what must once have been the sea coast, on a level sixty feet lower than that of the Pacific Ocean, was recently discovered a vessel of large dimensions (350 tons approximately), constructed of timber of the East Indies, called by the English teak. This vessel is an eloquent witness of terrestrial convulsions. Was her present site once a part of the Pacific coast, or did there once exist some bay or inlet that reached what is now a dry, burning desert? Persons who have seen the vessel calculate she has been in her present situation three hundred or more years. Scientific men here having failed to account for her location, let the archives of Mexico be searched to see whether they will not give some light upon the subject. The state of preservation of the vessel is as perfect as the mystery connected with her is absolute."

A Wonderful Worm.

There is a kind of sponge which grows in the depths of the Mediterranean Sea, and in its tissues a most wonderful worm is found. This Syllis, as it is called, has a blunt head, a long body, and is marked with rings like other worms; it has a number of short legs sticking out from the rings and covered with bristles. The worm buds like a plant, and each bud turns to a worm like the parent. Hundreds of these buds occur on the head and on the two legs nearest the neck, and they speedily grow into long ugly things, which in their turn will produce buds and new crops of worms. When these budding young worms are nearly full grown, the parent appears to be very tired of their company, and wriggles about and endeavors to move backwards so as to leave its attached children behind. Considering that all these worms produce eggs, which when hatched become worms, and that every individual produces others by budding also, there can be no doubt that nature has some good reason for placing a vast number of these creatures on a certain spot during a short time. Probably there are many fish that consume the majority of these young worms before they have been a long time separated from their parent.

MILES OF CLOTHES.—Mr. Ewbank, in one of his mechanical essays, thus speaks of the miles of clothes we wear. He says: "In the winter a lady is enwrapped in a hundred miles of thread; she throws over her shoulders from thirty to fifty in a shawl. A gentleman winds between three and four miles around his neck, and uses four more in a pocket-handkerchief. At night he throws off his clothing, and buries himself like a larva in four or five hundred miles of convolved filaments."

☞ A fit of abstraction—Picking a man's pocket.

MARRIAGE MORNING.

BY TENNYSON.

Light, so low upon earth,
You send a flash to the sun.
Here is the golden close of love,
All my wooing is done.
O the woods and the meadows,
Woods where we hid from the wet,
Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,
Meadows in which we met!
Light, so low in the vale,
You flash and lighten afar:
For this is the golden morning of love,
And you are his morning star.
Flash, I am coming, I come,
By meadow and stile and wood:
O lighten into my eyes and my heart,
Into my heart and my blood!
Heart, are you great enough
For a love that never tires?
O heart, are you great enough for love?
I have heard of thorns and briers.
Over the thorns and briers,
Over the meadows and stiles,
Over the world to the end of it
Flash for a million miles.

WOMAN'S WORK.

BY ROBERT COLLYER.

We are in the midst of a great hopeful revolution, as inevitable as that of the planet we live on, in which the woman is taking her true place in the vineyard, and entering on her true work; and she will never rest, I think, any more, until she has found out these three secrets, namely: How many things can a woman do better than a man? how many can she do as well? and how many can the man do better than the woman? and says to us, as the result of it all, Now, brothers, attend to your part, and I will attend to mine. Because this is what we must come to. When all is done that can be done by both sexes, we must come to the truth that when God made the woman, as Dr. Bartol says, He did not mean merely to make another man; and so that is a true and good instinct which has always made men and women agree that there are some things the woman ought never to do, except under the direst need, and then only as an exception to the rule of her life. This was the feeling among our ancestors in England more than a thousand years ago. Thomas Hughes says, in his life of Alfred the Great, that the Anglo-Saxons provided that women should be protected by special laws in all matters where their weakness of body would otherwise place them at a disadvantage, and they divided the sexes, in their rude way, into the spindle side and the spear side; evidently recognizing, thereby, the old divine division that God made when He created man, male and female; and the truth one of our poets tells when he says that "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse, and their dearest bond is this, not like is like, but like in difference." We see this at once whenever the woman is forced into doing what is coarse and hard, and unfit for her finer frame. We are never reconciled, for instance, to the sight of those poor German women on our streets with great loads of old clapboards on their backs, stumbling along through the snow. Every man of us feels a little mean at that sight, and would like to take the thing off, and send it home for them, if it was of any use. I remember, perhaps twenty-five years ago, when there had been a great deal said, without any clear result, about the hideous habit of the coal mines in England, where the women had to drag the loaded trucks from the coal bed to the mouth of the pit, harnessed like dumb beasts; that one week all the papers published three or four pictures of the thing just as it was, and then there was a great outcry all over the land that this thing should be stopped. We could bear the report, but not the sight. It is a sign of barbarism everywhere, and it is a barbarism to let a woman do a great many things a man can do without the least harm. When the man compels the woman to take the coarse and heavy while he takes the light and pleasant, he is all one with the native Australian or the Indian. When the condition of a country compels the woman to do a great deal that is coarse and hard, that country is in a bad condition, especially if there are multitudes of men at work in places where lighter and finer work is to be done that woman can do just as well as he can, if he did not crowd her out. But in that land where the man is ready to practice as fine a chivalry in regard to the whole work men and women have to do between them as he observes in a crowded car, and in a hundred ways besides, then that land, wherever you find it, bears the finest fruit on the tree of life.

Keep Your Top Cool.

Artemus Ward, once during a journey across the Plains, offered a stage-driver a drink of whiskey from his flask, which was refused in most decided terms. Said the driver—

"I don't drink. I won't drink. And I don't like to see anybody else drink. I am of the opinion of those mountains—*keep your top cool.* They've got snow, and I've got brains: that's all the difference."

There is a wealth of wisdom in the sententious remark, "Keep your top cool." The fountain of man's power and happiness is in his brain. Alcohol is a foe of the brain, and when it gets there, either benumbs it or perverts its action. Remember the stage-driver's curt philosophy.

AGRICULTURAL.

Effects of Changes.

How much do we owe to change! A sick person, after every effort of medicine and kind attention fails, is ordered to travel, and he gets cured. So also of plants. We may grow them on the same soil year after year and they fail to produce a crop, though we are as careful as possible to return to the soil the elements supposed to be taken away.

We know what chemists tell us. They say that though we do not know it, there is still something lost which we have not altogether *restored*. But the practical farmer, though he cannot controvert this, hardly believes it, as there are so many things which scarcely come out right under the explanation. For instance, he grows a certain variety of potato year after year, until it fails to produce the same good crops it once did. He sends a few hundred of miles for new seed of the same variety, and it will at once, and without adding anything to the soil, produce as good crops as it ever did. We have heard agriculturists deny the possibility of this, but we think that most practical farmers know that this is really the case. Yet surely the same variety of potatoes require only the self same elements. There has been no other difference but the change.

So also in the matter of manure. People sometimes find benefit from the phosphates, or guano, or some other commercial fertilizer. But in a few years it turns out to be no better than brick dust; but any other kind of manure will have a wonderful effect. We knew a friend once who used to raise enormous crops in his vegetable garden, which was annually manured from his horse stable. It failed at last. Even weeds seemed to despise it. He changed from horse to cow manure, and again wonderful crops rewarded him. Chemically there was not much difference in the manure. The change was more than all.

It is well to remember this as a general principle. Nature loves change. There is a seeming contradiction, for we speak of the certainty of nature's laws. But those who know her best, know that she has laws which seem contradictory. The same elements that make fire, largely make water, which is the enemy of fire; and some of her most harmless elements will often unite to make the deadliest poisons. At any rate, constant as she generally is, we know she sometimes likes a change.—*Forney's Press.*

Thrush in Horses.

Thrush is a discharge of offensive matter from the cleft of the frog. It is inflammation of the lower surface of the sensible frog, and during which pus is secreted together with, or instead of horn. When the frog is in its sound state, the cleft sinks but a little way into it; but when it becomes contracted or otherwise diseased, it extends in length, and penetrates even to the sensible horn within, and through this unnaturally deepened fissure the thrushy discharge proceeds. A very full and fleshy state of the body may be a predisposing cause of thrush, but the immediate and grand cause is moisture. This should never be forgotten, for it will lead a great way towards the proper treatment of the disease. If the feet are habitually covered with any moist application—his standing so much on his own dung is a fair example—thrush will inevitably appear. It is caused by anything that interferes with the healthy structure and action of the frog. We find it in the hinder feet oftener and worse than in the fore, because in our stable management the hinder feet are too much exposed to the pernicious effects of the dung and the urine, moistening, or as it were macerating, and at the same time irritating them.

There are many recipes to stop a running thrush. Almost every application of an astringent, but not of too caustic nature, will have the effect. The common Ægyptiacum (vinegar boiled with honey and verdigris) is a good liniment; but the most effectual and the safest—drying up the discharge speedily, but not suddenly—is a paste composed of blue vitriol, tar, and lard, in proportions according to the virulence of the canker. A pledget of tow, covered with it, should be introduced as deeply as possible, yet without force, into the cleft of the frog every night, and removed in the morning before the horse goes to work. Attention should at the same time, as in other diseases of the *foot*, be paid to the apparent cause of the complaint, and that cause should be carefully obviated or removed. Before the application of the paste, the frog should be examined, and every loose part of the horn or hardened discharge removed; and if much of the frog is then exposed, a larger and wider piece of tow, covered with the paste may be placed over it, in addition to the pledget introduced into the cleft of the frog. It will be necessary to preserve the frog moist while the cure is in progress, and this may be done by filling the feet with tow, covered by common stopping, or using the felt pad, likewise covered with it. Turning out, would be prejudicial rather than of benefit to thrushy feet, except the dressing is continued, and the feet defended from moisture.—*American Stock Journal.*

NEVER whip your horse for becoming frightened at any object by the roadside; for if he sees a stump, a log, or a heap of tan bark in the road, and while he is eyeing it carefully and about to pass it, you strike him with the whip, it is the log, or the stump, or the tan bark that is hurting him, in his way of reasoning, and the next time he will act more frightened. Give him time to examine and smell these objects.

IT seems reasonable that a laboring horse should have room to lie in at night, where he can turn over and shift about.

EVERY farmer should have a brand to mark his cattle and tools. It will save its cost often.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 66 letters.

My 37, 5, 18, 17, 10, 44, 18, 8, 4, is a name prominent in French history.
My 33, 34, 19, 28, 9, 46, 7, 30, was the leader of a rebellion in England.
My 40, 38, 33, 28, 21, 39, was an English mathematician.
My 33, 56, 2, 52, 19, 16, 31, 35, is an American poet.
My 20, 58, 6, 57, 17, 45, was a distinguished American writer.
My 19, 24, 27, 56, 43, 23, 42, 64, 56, 50, was an astronomer of Sweden.
My 37, 29, 56, 65, 26, 18, 61, 12, 18, 54, 36, is the name of an American painter.
My 66, 21, 39, is a river of Europe.
My 1, 5, 25, 32, was an English clergyman hung for forgery.
My 62, 8, 41, 59, 15, 60, is a country of Europe.
My 51, 47, 49, 54, 64, 38, 53, 55, was a philosopher of Athens.
My 11, 48, 63, 52, 26, 22, built the first steamboat.
My 3, 14, 57, 10, is an island of the Grecian Archipelago.
My whole was a discovery of the last century.

C. H. CRAMER.
Tiffin, Ohio.

Rebus.

The title of one of Bryant's poems.
A Trojan chief.
A country in Africa.
An English poet.
A useful branch of science.
An ancient mathematician.
An ancient city.
One of Scott's poems.
A girl's name.
A well-known river in England.
A popular story.
A celebrated American writer.
An island in the West Indies.
A town in Italy.
One of Longfellow's poems.
One of Poe's poems.

My initials form the name of one of Hawthorne's works.

Trigonometrical Problem.

The two lines bisecting the acute angles of a right-angled triangle meeting, and terminating at the centre of the triangle, are respectively forty and fifty chains.

What are the sides of the right-angled triangle? ELBERT PLACE.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a wounded man like an old pair of boots? Ans.—Because he wants healing.

☞ Why is love like a potato? Ans.—Because it shoots from the eyes.

☞ Why does a gentleman's own servant going up Vesuvius present one of the greatest phenomena in nature? Ans.—Because it is the valley (valet) ascending the mountain.

☞ Why is a young lady forsaken by her lover like a deadly weapon? Ans.—Because she is a cut-lass.

☞ When is it right to take any one in? Ans.—When it rains.

☞ Of what British subject does a hotel bill most commonly remind you? Ans.—Of an Inn-doo.

☞ Why do lovers love too much? Ans.—Because they are (two) too loving.

☞ At what place in India does it rain horses? Ans.—At Nag-pore.

☞ Why is a tournament like burglary? Ans.—Because it is a knightly occupation.

☞ A young woman's conundrum—Who is our favorite Roman hero? Ans.—Marius.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Heathen Chinee, or, plain language from Truthful James, by F. Bret Harte. CHARADE—Neighbor (neigh-bore).

Answer to Delta's PROBLEM of Nov. 12th—84 acres, 60 perches each. Delta, D. Diefenbach, Geo. W. Sublette, Veritas.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—137689.57814. Joseph S. Phebus, Veritas.

Answers to Junior's PROBLEM of Nov. 26th—Peter's stock $600, John's stock $400. Junior, D. Diefenbach, Geo. W. Sublette, Joseph S. Phebus, Veritas.

Answer to J. T. P.'s PROBLEM of Nov. 19th—316 balls. J. T. P. 252 balls. Veritas, Joseph S. Phebus.

RECEIPTS.

POTATO YEAST.—Take 6 good sized potatoes, boil them in 2 quarts of water; when well done, take them out and mash them fine. Then put them back into the water, and add a handful of hops. When well boiled, strain it through a sieve into a little thickening, a tablespoonful of flour, a cup of sugar, half cup of salt; if you mix the bread with water, a little shortening will improve it; if you use milk, it is not necessary.

SHOULDER OF MUTTON BONED.—Split the shoulder on the inside, and run the knife along the bone. The butcher must not break the bone, as that makes it difficult to split. When the first bone is taken out, remove the second. (The same can be done with a shoulder of veal.) The bones can be used for soup. The shoulder can be stuffed with the same stuffing as chicken. Put a little salt and pepper on the shoulder, and some stuffing in it, roll it, and tie it with twine. This can be served with a *puree* of peas. A shoulder of veal prepared in this way must be served *au jus*. For the stuffing, if you like, add a very little pork—say only four ounces of pork to one pound of veal, in having the sausage-meat made. Put a little salt over it, and place it in the pan, with half a gill of cold water, and then lay it in the oven. The mutton is served with its gravy, or *sauce Basigote*.

MULLED ALE.—Boil a quart of ale with a little nutmeg; beat six eggs and mix them with a little cold ale; then pour in some of the hot ale, and return it several times to prevent its curdling; stir it well, and add a piece of butter, with sugar, nutmeg and ginger to taste. A few cloves are an improvement. Six eggs will mull three quarts of ale.

☞ It will bring home to our readers the murderous extent and horrors of the war when it is announced that the Prussian government has ordered a supply of 200,000 wooden legs.